TRUE WEST

ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

AUGUST, 1956 - 25c

A RANCH ON THE NUECES
By J. Frank Dobie

HEAD-HUNTING WAS THEIR HOBBY
In the U. S. — Head-Hunting Indians?

LAUGHING KILLER!
Clay Allison — Gun-Slinging Psychopath

CAMELUS AMERICANA
Camels in the U. S. Army!

HERMIT'S GOLD

COWBOY!

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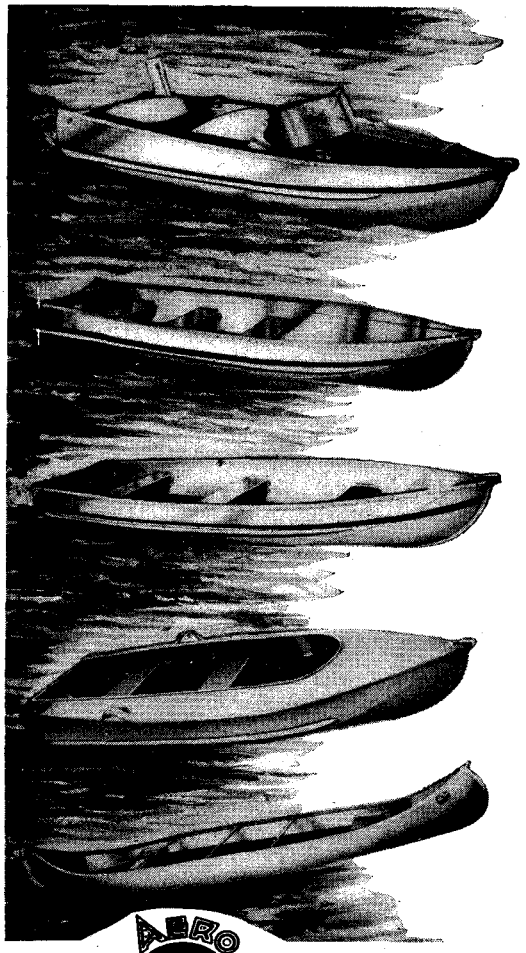

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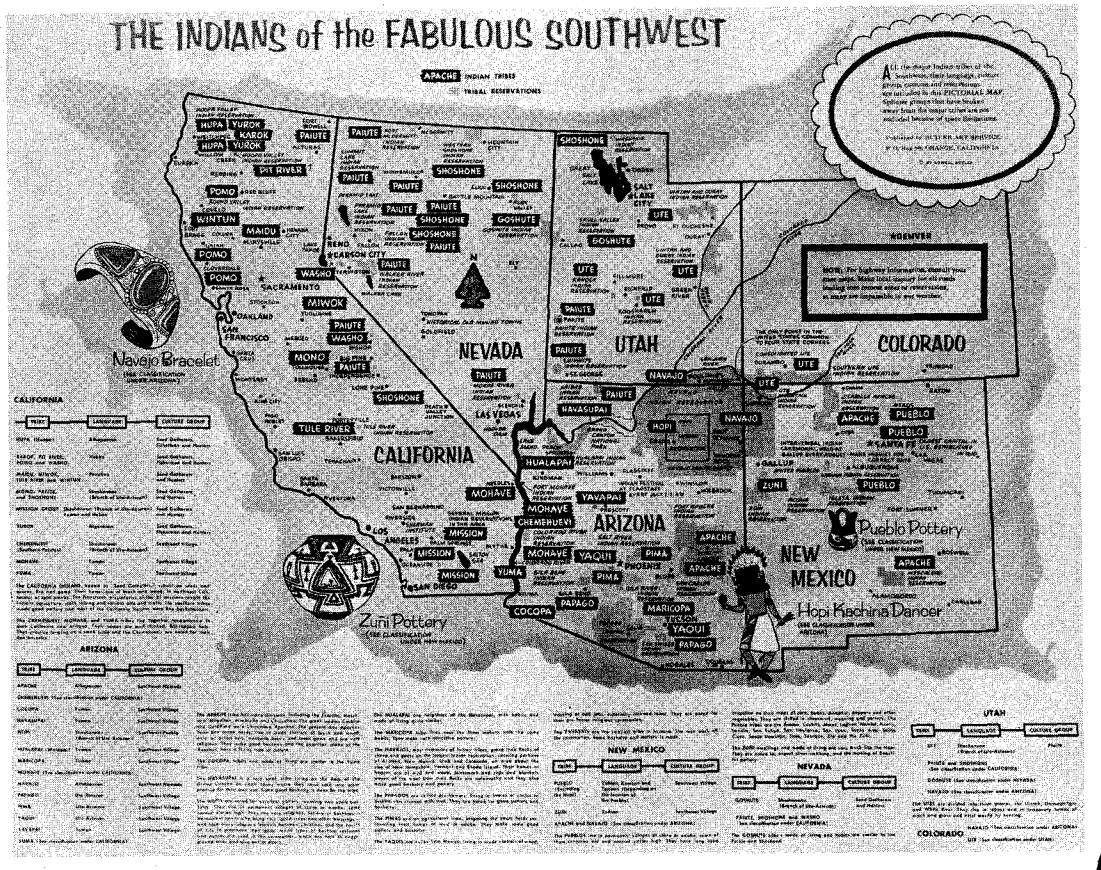

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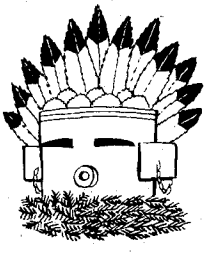

HOPI KACHINA DANCE MASK • JUST ONE OF MANY INTERESTING ITEMS ON THIS INDIAN MAP

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Coming Up!

The popular Indian tribal series is resumed in the next issue. Norm Wiltsey's "Lords of the South Plains," is the absorbing story of the Comanches, *most daring and proficient* of all the wild Indian horsemen of the West. You meet the fierce Kwahadis of the Staked Plain, the Buffalo Eaters of the Canadian River country; all the divisions of this storied tribe of red men. The article is complete in one issue.

John A. Masters comes up with an article bearing the intriguing title: "Does the Lost San Saba Mine Really Exist?" A geologist in the employ of an oil company, John ran scientific tests that definitely indicate the possibility. He also furnishes a map, in the event that you feel an irresistible urge to rediscover this *old Spanish silver mine once sought* and perhaps found by Jim Bowie.

You don't hear much of gambler-gunfighter Luke Short these days, but back in the old West, the diminutive dandy was known and feared as one of the deadliest killers on the frontier. Luke was famed for his neat habit of drilling a victim between the eyes, thereby not messing up the corpse. For this thoughtful consideration, Luke was called "The Undertakers' Friend." Wayne T. Walker tells his story in "Killer in Fancy Pants."

We're mighty proud of the occasional eyewitness accounts of famous events in Western history we're able to present. Such an account is George Oaks "I Fought at Beecher's Island." Oaks, one of the scouts with Major Forsyth's command in that storied fight against 1,000 Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Sioux, told his story to C. V. Rinehart back in 1902. Oaks was one of the nine sharpshooters picked to kill Roman Nose, the great Cheyenne warrior. His brief, vivid recital of the Indians' charge and the death of Roman Nose will send the chills rippling up your spine.

Nell Murbarger, your Roving Reporter of the Southwest, returns with a chiller entitled "When Death Rode the Jarbidge Stage." This is the gripping tale of the murder of a stagecoach driver.

Bet you didn't know that for twenty-one years the United States was "ruled" by an Emperor from his "capitol" in San Francisco. Emperor Norton I, whom Mark Twain called "this lovable old humbug," moved among his loyal subjects of San Francisco in an aura of respect, whimsy and love. Wearing a gorgeous uniform, complete with clanking sword and white beaver hat, the Emperor made his daily rounds flanked by his two bodyguards—two mongrel dogs named Bummer and Lazarus. The whole city mourned at Joshua Norton's death in 1880, and a fine monument was erected in his honor. C. R. Christopher relates the Norton saga, with kindliness and humor.

Picturesque and fabulous were the great bandit leaders of Mexico—and the greatest of the lot was Juan Cortina, who was more Texan than Mexican. Among his incredible exploits was the theft of 900,000 head of cattle and horses from the famed King Ranch of southern Texas. Even Pancho Villa never quite equalled the daring and ambition of Juan Depomucena Cortina, self-styled King of the Rio Grande. Ruel McDaniel spins the thrilling yarn in "Juan Cortina—Hero or Bandit?"

Short Subjects include Byron A. Ashley's "Hell for Leather," the tale of Louis Remme, who had to do some fast horseback riding to out-travel the news of a bank failure and save himself from financial ruin.

"Charlie's Big Mosquito" is an amusing anecdote from the life of Charlie Russell, as told by Charlie himself to his pal, Walter W. Raleigh.

Also, Frieda and Samuel Hyatt's account of "The Salt War of Texas," in which Latin lined up against Americano in a battle for the precious salt beds near Guadalupe Peak.

See you later, Podner . . .

July-August, 1956
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Whole No. 16

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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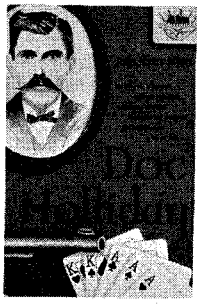

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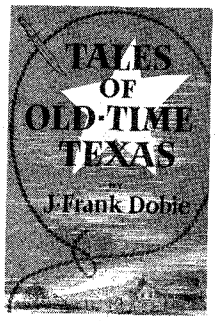

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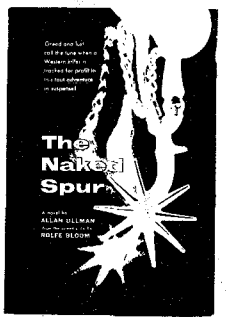

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COMPARISON DEPT.: DID YOU EVER READ ANY AUTHENTIC STUFF ON THE OLD WILD WEST?... I MEAN REAL AUTHENTIC!... NEXT, DID YOU EVER COMPARE IT WITH THE MOVIE AND TELEVISION VERSION OF THE OLD WILD WEST? AIN'T IT A HOWL?... FOR INSTANCE, TO BE SPECIFIC, TAKE THE...

COWBOY!

By JACK DAVIS

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FIRST OF ALL, IN MOVIES AND TELEVISION, THE COWBOY IS USUALLY NAMED SOMETHING LIKE... ***LANCE STERLING!***... NOT THAT YOU'D MEET ONE GUY IN A HUNDRED WITH SUCH A NAME!... MAINLY PEOPLE HAVE NAMES LIKE... GEORGE FREEBLE... IGGY SIEDENHAM ... MELVIN POZNOWSKI...! COULD YOU EVER PICTURE A COWBOY HERO CALLED MELVIN POZNOWSKI?... SO HIS NAME IS LANCE STERLING!... AND HIS CLOTHES... OH BROTHER!... HAND TAILORED!... WITH GLOVES!... IN THE HOT SUN ALL DAY LONG, WITH GLOVES!... ANYBODY HERE EVER WEAR GLOVES IN THE HOT SUN ALL DAY LONG?... YOU BETCHA YOU DIDN'T! YOU'D GET A RASH AND YOUR HANDS WOULD ROT OFF!

NOW IN REAL LIFE... THE 100% GENUINE COWBOY HAD AN ORDINARY OLD NAME LIKE MAYBE... ***JOHN SMURD!***... THEY'D HANG ANYBODY WITH A NAME LIKE LANCE STERLING! AND IF THEY COULD GROW THEM, MOST GENUINE COWBOYS HAD BIG WALRUS MUSTACHES WHICH WERE THE CUSTOM OF THE TIMES! CAN YOU IMAGINE ANYTHING MORE NAUSEATING THAN THE HOLLYWOOD COWBOY WITH SUCH A NAUSEATING MUSTACHE, GOING INTO A CLINCH WITH THE LEADING LADY?... NAUSEATING MAINLY SINCE THESE MUSTACHES OFTEN HAD TOBACCO JUICE SOAKED IN!... AS FOR CLOTHES... LET'S FACE IT! WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO WEAR TO TEND COWS BESIDE A GOOD PAIR OF BOOTS?

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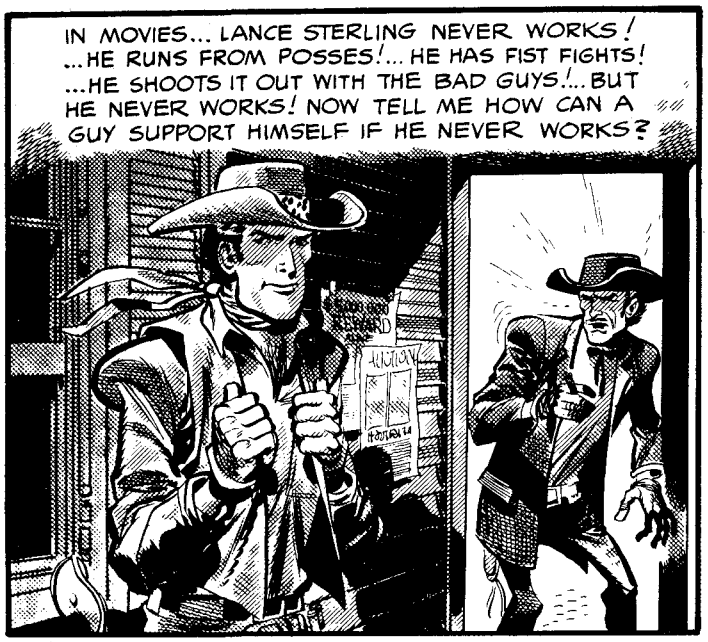

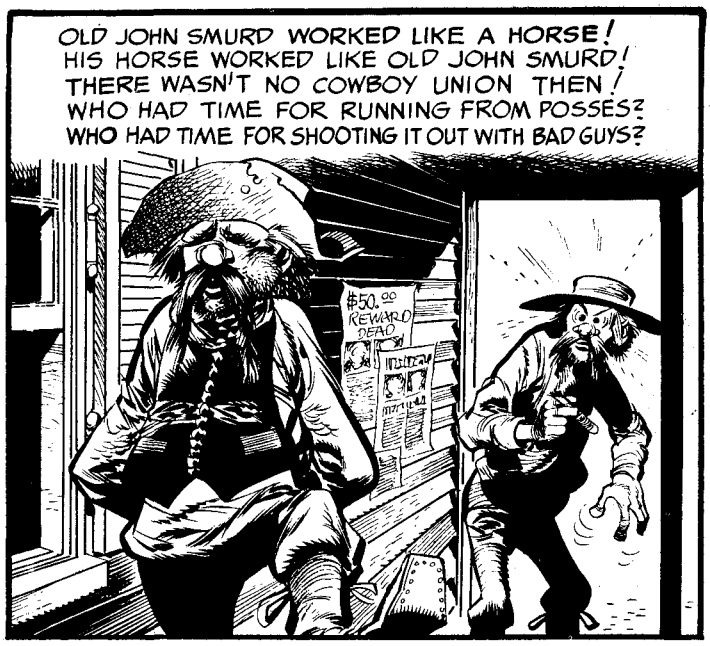

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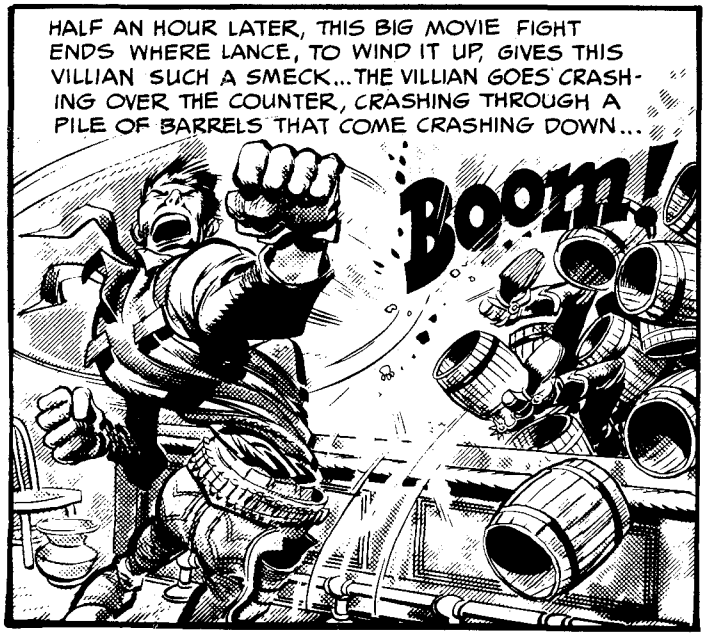

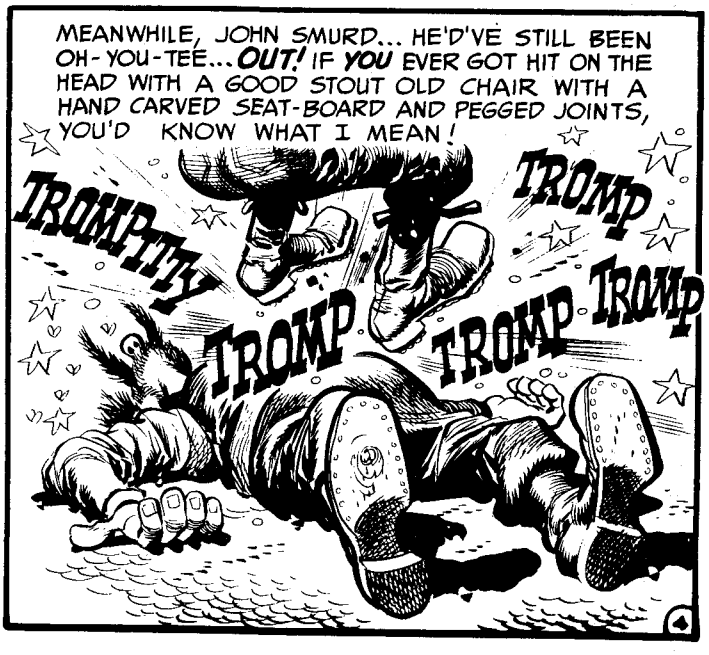

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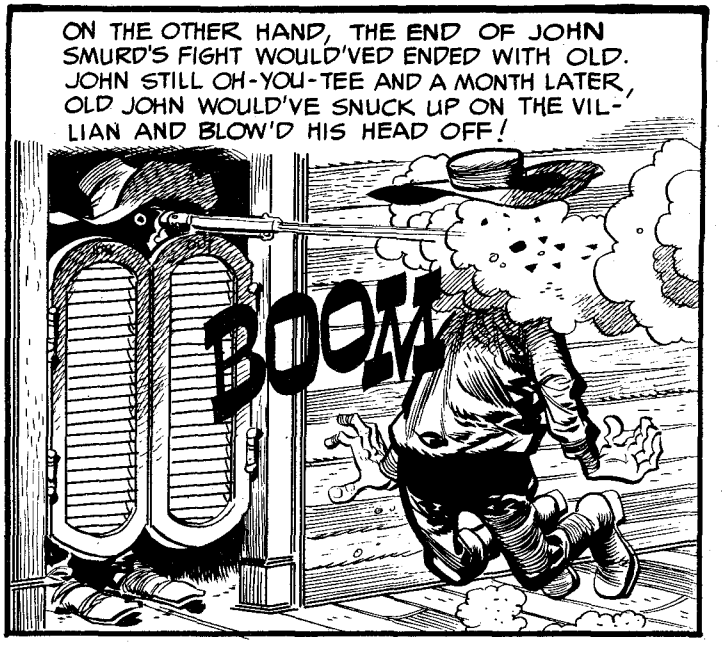

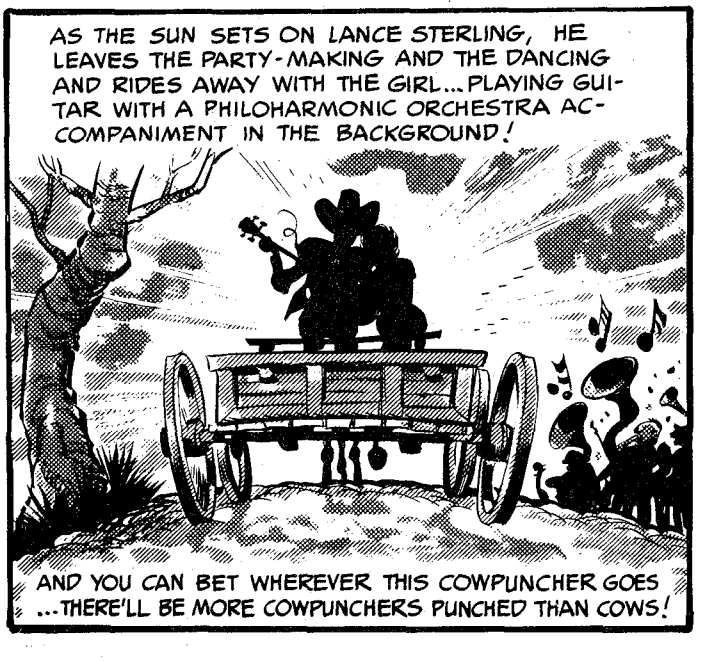

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The last cattle roundup occurred not back in the 1870's or 80's, but a mere thirty-one years ago. Here's the amazing story of

the Last Roundup

By CURTIS BISHOP

Illustrated by Clay McGaughy

THE last great cattle roundup was also the granddaddy of 'em all. It involved the collection, assortment, and re-branding of 36,000 cattle by a hundred skilled cowboys. To ship the herd to its various destinations required 800 cattle cars, thirty full trains.

This sounds like a vaunted legend out of the old Golden West, but it isn't. The principals were cowmen and wranglers in the best Chisholm Trail tradition, but this whopper to end all whoppers was staged in Florida in May, 1925.

No larger herd was ever assembled for shipment, not even in the days of Abilene, Ellsworth, or Dodge City. Roundups of comparable size were staged in West Texas, the Cherokee Strip, and Wyoming, when "associations" pooled their manpower and "dragged" large areas for cattle which had drifted during the winter months. But this Florida roundup was the venture of a single outfit, the fabulous 101 Ranch, with headquarters at Ponca City, Oklahoma.

That many cattle was too much for the 101 range to absorb all at once, or at any other time. The Miller brothers solved that problem by leasing grass in Louisiana, Kansas, Arkansas, and Old Mexico. On ranges fifteen hundred miles apart, the Millers fattened the Florida cattle for a winter and spring before moving the culls and the old stuff to market. The two thousand spring calves which had been shipped from Florida without a casualty were held back, as were most of the two-year-olds.

Such large-scale operations were new to Florida, though there were proportionately as many wild cattle roaming the fringes of the Everglades as there ever were in the more famous Texas "brasada." Actually it was in the land of the Seminoles and the alligators that the wild steer, the "ladino," made his last stand. Some of Florida's cattlemen were big operators in their own less flamboyant manner, and the cattle bust which gripped Florida in this year of 1925 was as complete as any year of financial crisis on the more picturesque western range.

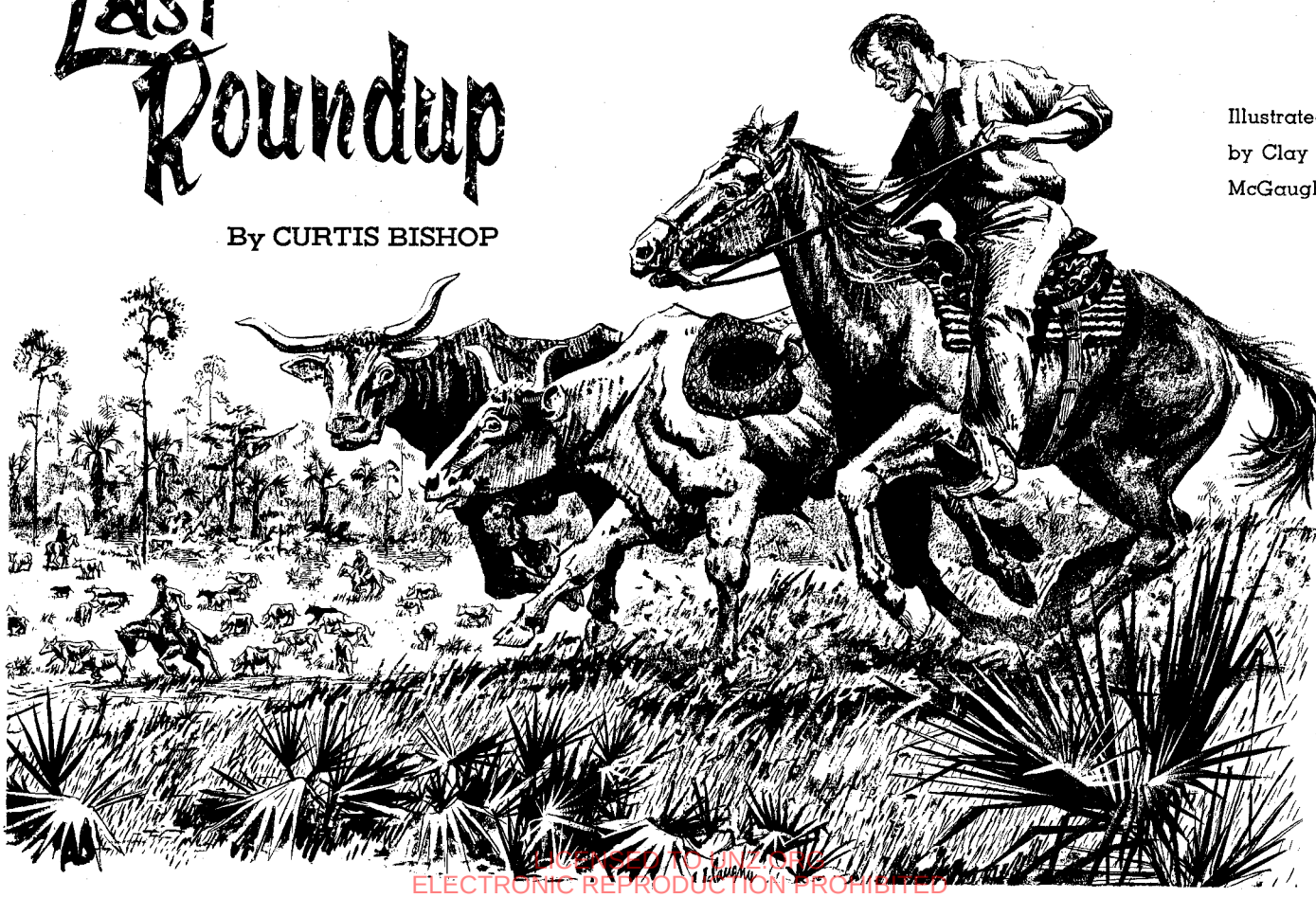
New and drastic grazing regulations which doomed the "free grass" operators "put a crimp" in their style just as effectively as President Cleveland's proclamation canceling all grazing leases with Indian tribes had ruined western cowmen of an earlier generation. All cattle on open ranges, decreed the Florida legislature, must be dipped. Further regulations were imposed, so stringent that the beef market was glutted as ranchmen rushed to dispose of their herds.

JUST at that moment Zack and George Miller came to Florida and explained, in the western manner of understatement, that they were in the market for a "few" cattle. Their arrival caused no ripple of excitement. Two buyers could not make much of an impression upon the thousands of wild cattle ready to be sold to the first cash bidder, provided that the buyers would also assume responsibility for removing the stock from the Florida range.

But there were some eyebrows lifted when Zack Miller calmly accepted a mixed herd of one thousand, gave an order on his brother, George, in lieu of payment, and George as calmly redeemed the order with glistening new greenbacks. Emboldened by reports of this transaction, a Florida cattleman offered his entire holdings of 9,000 head. Zack Miller nodded his head to brother George and the cash was forked over from a wallet still thick with folding money.

They kept on buying. There is some evidence that Floridians considered they were dealing with crazy men, for the problem of assembling, branding, and driving these cattle out of the state seemed impossible for even such "high steppers." Then lean, tanned men speaking softly in lazy drawls began to arrive and with them, in cattle cars, came small tough ponies. Included

(Continued on page 36)



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CAMELUS AMERICANA

THE Quartermaster Corps of the U. S. Army originated the brilliant idea. Congress derided, then blessed it. The Navy collaborated, and the Cavalry was the sufferer. From Asia and Africa, they came across the Atlantic to rendezvous in Texas. Mid toil and travail, praise and revilement, they traversed the plains and mountains to the shores of the Pacific. They scattered northward over our deserts, and southward into Mexico. They faded into legend, and their ghosts still haunt our arid plains and barren mountains. Even today, a hundred years afterward, the lonely wanderer who may encounter such a ghost cannot be sure he is not viewing flesh and blood reality, for no man knows if they still live.

No matter who originates an idea, history usually gives the credit to the first man who does something about it. That man was Colonel George H. Crossman, Deputy Quartermaster General. In 1848 he assigned Major Henry C. Wayne to investigate the feasibility of using camels as a means of transportation on our Western plains. Both men had Army experience in the West, but it is doubtful if either had ever seen a camel. In those days, the few American zoos were quite sketchy by modern standards. The same was true of museums, and any camels they had were simply stuffed skins bearing grotesque resemblance to the living creatures. Our large circuses had not yet appeared on the scene.

In his search for first-hand information, Major Wayne contacted certain members of the French Diplomatic Corps in Washington, D.C., who had served in Persia. Evidently they gave encouraging accounts, for Secretary of War C. M. Conrad was prevailed upon to ask Congress for an appropriation to import camels for experimental purposes. Both House and Senate got much amusement out of the request, and Conrad got no money. The wits simply laughed the bill out of Congress. But the idea did not die, and Wayne continued his research. Several subsequent requests for money died in Congressional Committees. Then Jefferson Davis, later to become President of the Confederate States of America, was made Secretary of War. His own Army experience had given him personal knowledge of transportation difficulties in the arid Southwest, and to him the camels appeared to be a good bet. At his repeated insistence, Congress passed Senate Document, 2nd Session, 33rd Congress, Chapter 169, Section 4, reading in part:

> "And be it further enacted, that the sum of $30,000.00 be, and the same is hereby appropriated under the direction of the War Department in the purchase and importation of camels and dromedaries to be employed for military purposes."

The President approved the bill on March 3rd, 1855.

THAT was a surprisingly large sum in those days, when dollars were dollars, and attests to the persuasiveness of Davis. Then, too, the Crimean War was in progress and the British were using camels with some success. From the appropriation's general wording, "for military purposes," we may reasonably infer that the original idea already had grown from mere transportation to include a regular Camel Corps of combat troops for use against hostile Indians.

The War Department moved swiftly, for within three months Major Wayne arrived in England on the first leg of his purchasing expedition. Unfortunately, British officers with camel experience, whose advice he sought, were still in the Crimea. Wayne inspected the one lone camel in the London zoo, found it of good repute and quite a pet, docile and able to do tricks. Encouraged, he went to Paris and again found a single specimen. This was an ornery brute, given to biting and kicking, quite the opposite of his English

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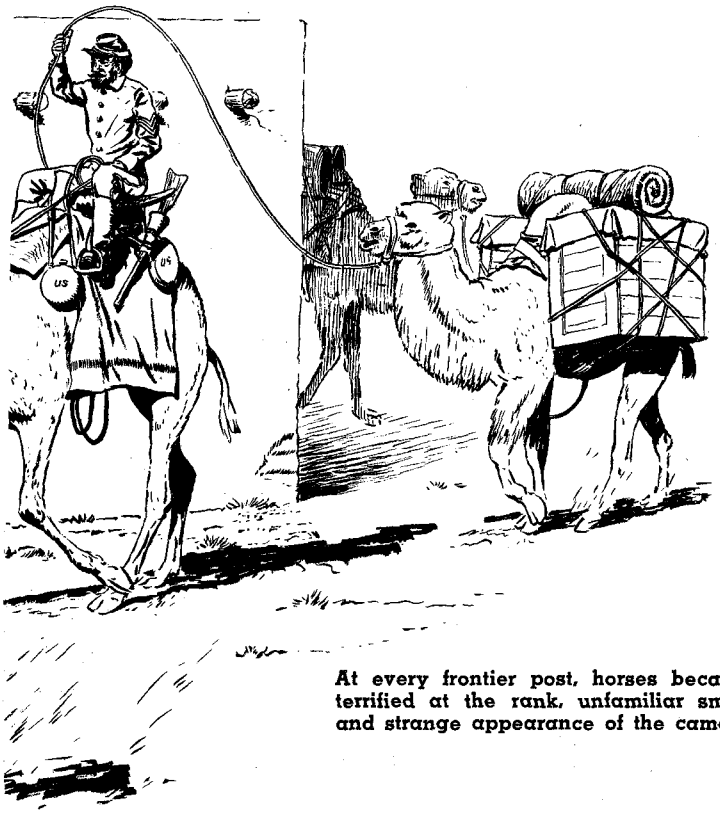

At every frontier post, horses became terrified at the rank, unfamiliar smell and strange appearance of the camels.

> "And be it further enacted, that the sum of $30,000.00 be, and the same is hereby appropriated under the direction of the War Department in the purchase and importation of camels and dromedaries to be employed for military purposes . . ."

From a Senate document passed by the 33rd Congress, 1855. A true and engaging history of the War Department's use of Camels in America.

By GEORGE J. RAWLINS Illustrated by Randy Steffen

brother and at open war with his French keepers. While in France, Wayne did collect much testimony from Foreign Legion officers who had used camels, and found their opinions quite conflicting.

From France, Wayne went to Naples, where, by prearrangement, he connected with the U.S.S. *Supply*, under command of Lieutenant (later, Admiral) D. D. Porter. The *Supply* had been detailed to collect and transport Wayne's purchases. From Naples, they sailed to Goeletta, port of Tunis, arriving August 4th, 1855.

The appearance of the two American officers in the Tunis camel market caused a considerable stir among the natives. When a camel that looked particularly fine to Wayne came up for sale, he bought it at the first price asked, namely, $20.00. This unprecedented act of buying at first price literally broke up the show. The auctioneer and camel merchants, used to interminable haggling, were flabbergasted. Prices skyrocketed. But Wayne was quick to learn. He bought no more, and had his one purchase led to the docks. This was to be a "trial run," for the sailors on the *Supply* lying at anchor in the harbor, had never loaded a camel. But first there were customs difficulties to solve. Tunis had a ruling against the exportation of camels. American Consul General W. P. Chandler came to the rescue. The untangling of Tunisian red tape finally led to the Bey of Tunis himself, Mohammed Pasha. When the Consul General told him that the United States intended large purchases, the Bey not only issued the special export permit, but made a present of two more animals from his personal herd.

The three camels had to be lightered out to the *Supply* We have no details as to how they were swung aboard ship, but the American gob of that day knew his block and tackle and was quite as ingenious as our present seagoing generation. The camels were lowered between decks without un-

Photo Courtesy The National Archives, Washington, D.C.

Colonel George A. Crossman originated the idea of using camels as a means of transportation on the Western plains.

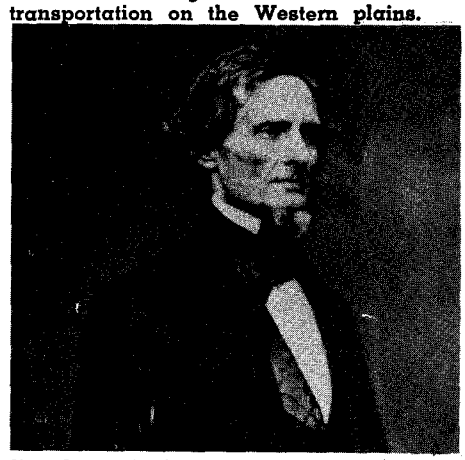

Photo Courtesy The National Archives, Washington, D.C.

Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, pushed a document through Congress authorizing purchase and importation of the camels.

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Photo Courtesy The National Archives, Washington, D.C.

"Camel skinners" trying to start a balky beast on the Camel Express line.

toward incident. Then started a tour of the Levantine ports. At Smyrna, Wayne hired two native camel men. One is known to us only as Greek George. He completed the trip to America, served with the camels a while, then dropped from sight. The other was a Turk, officially listed as Hadji Ali, which the Americans promptly corrupted to "Hi Jolly." Hi Jolly remained loyal to his camels, sharing their varying fortunes through peace and war, to the end of the long trail where his bones were laid to rest in Ahrenberg, Arizona.

BUYING conservatively from port to port, Wayne and Porter built up a cargo of twenty animals. When they took aboard a couple of huge Bactrains, the deck of the *Supply* had to be raised to give them head room. A form of mange attacked the animals, and it was decided to sell those that seemed to have incurable cases. At Constantinople, now called Istanbul, after much hard trading, the herd was reduced by about half. Here, as always, word of their coming had preceded them. It appeared that even in those days Uncle Sam was looked upon as an international Santa Claus. Wayne reported that when selling, the bids would average $20.00, but when he attempted to buy, the price of similar animals went as high as $250.00. There were even attempts to resell him, at fantastic profit, animals he had only recently disposed of. But both Wayne and Porter had become wise in the ways of camel traders, and the loss they took in reducing the herd was not excessive. More selling at Alexandria brought the herd down to seven really fine specimens. By now, the two officers felt that they knew their camels and were competent to compete with the native traders on a fairly equal footing. They began the final buying for the trip home, but Egypt, like Tunis, had an export embargo and it took a special concession from the Viceroy to permit the shipment. That gentleman, not to be outdone by the Bey of Tunis, presented them with five blooded Sinais, probably the finest breed next to the esteemed Oman Dromedaries, which were almost as sacrosanct as the true Arabian horse.

Returning to Smyrna to complete their load, they sailed for the U. S. on February 15th, 1856. They had on board thirty-three camels. These included nine of the light, swift, riding dromedaries, twenty heavy pack animals of both one and two hump, one calf, and three unclassified adults. Eight breeds were represented: Senaar, Tunis, Muscat, Sinai, Siout, Arab, Bactrain, and Booghdee. The native names of individual animals were much too tongue-twisting for the Americans, who soon replaced them with Bill, Susie, Joe, etc. The calf won the distinguished title of Uncle Sam.

The officers realized that their sailing date was none too propitious, for the three-months voyage would carry them through the equinoctial storms and they were gravely concerned as to how their desert-bred charges would react to the turbulent Atlantic. Surprisingly, the phlegmatic critters took the wildest tossings of the ship with complete equanimity. When the rolling began to slam them about in their stalls, they merely knelt down on their straw bedding with no more complaining grunts and bleats than is normal with these sad-faced creatures in anything they do. In storms of long duration it became necessary to tie them down in the kneeling position. They could maintain this posture for three and sometimes four days, and the only ill effect was a slight swelling of the legs, which soon disappeared with a little rubbing. There is no record of camel seasickness. The great sufferers from *mal de mer* were Hi Jolly and Greek George.

WHEN the *Supply* came to anchor in the quiet waters of Matagorda Bay on the coast of Texas, she had thirty-four camels aboard. There had been three deaths and four births at sea. The animals were swung over the side and lightered ashore at Indianola, near the present town of Port Lavaca. That was a gala day for Indianola. The normally dignified animals, after stretching their cramped legs on solid earth, cavorted like young colts. Few, if any, of the assembled spectators had ever seen a camel and great was their edification. Reactions were varied and comments colorful even for Texas. Here, Major Wayne and Lieutenant Porter parted company. Wayne, with a detachment of Cavalry and Quartermaster men, took his charges inland to Camp Verde, which from that time on was to be camel headquarters and win the colloquial name of Little Egypt. Less than half of the original $30,000.00 appropriation had been spent. Porter, after overhauling the *Supply*, returned to the Mediterranean for more camels and early in 1857 delivered a second and final load of forty-one animals to Wayne at Indianola.

At Camp Verde, Wayne, assisted by Hi Jolly and Greek George, began training his troopers in the weird ways of the foreign beast. Difficulties were many. The American Cavalryman, with the horse as his one true love, did not take kindly to the camels. Policing stables is not too disagreeable where horses are concerned, but camels have a different digestive machinery, and playing chambermaid to a dromedary is a disgusting chore. And that is not all. Dr. Henderson, long a veterinarian for Ringling Brothers, says that in all his experience camels are the most unpleasant animals to deal with and the most unpopular with animal handlers. Their stomach contents are watery and habitually acid, and, when showing displeasure they reinforce their protesting bleats with a spittle spray of nauseating odor, accurately directed at the offending person. Then, too, the American trooper did not relish taking instructions from these strange Orientals, Hi Jolly and Greek George. The impediments of language caused many misunderstandings. A tightening of discipline by Major Wayne resulted in some desertions, and several of the camels died mysterious deaths.

Despite these natural handicaps, training went ahead. Mule-packing technique in which the Cavalryman was confirmed, proved worse than useless. Pack harness had to be designed for the one hump and two hump animals, and new packing methods learned. Camels for draft required harness different from any-

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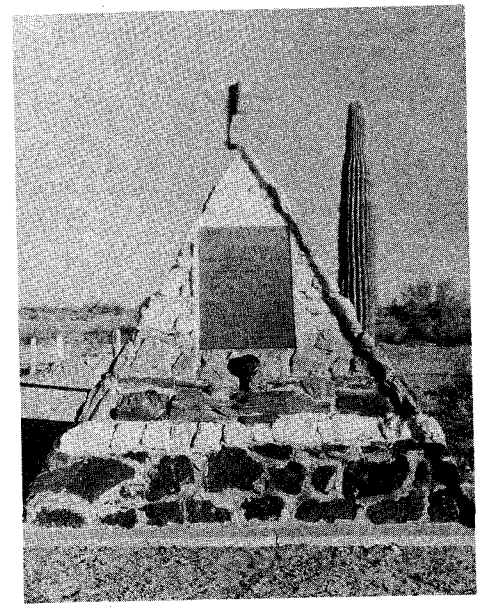
The grave of Hadji Ali (Hi Jolly) near Quartzite, Arizona. Imported from Syria to serve with the Camel Corps as a "camel doctor." Hi Jolly died in December, 1902.

Photo Courtesy Esther Henderson



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"I build a hole in my old seagrass and pitch it over his head."

Cowboy Rides A Camel

By HERB WOOD

Illustrated by Geo. Phippen

SMOKEY and I have just finished moving to our winter camp in the Hackawa Mountains, which border on the edge of the Big Sandy River and the badlands. We've just got through the fall work at the home ranch, the X-X. Our work at the winter camp is to ride the rough country, branding calves missed during the summer.

We've just got started good, when in staggers a bird we think is old Rip Van in person. About all he has for clothes is a collar and a belt. He looks a stranger to soap and water. He has plenty of sandburs in his whiskers, but we manage to fill him up on beans and black coffee. Getting his second wind, he takes a man's size chew of tobacco and winds up so we can't get a word in edgeways.

Says he is Bitter Creek Bill. He's been hunting a lost placer diggings in the heart of the badlands, where he's been for six months. He looks the part. There ain't any living-water in there for fifty miles and we tell him so, but he informs us that there are two small springs that last the year 'round; that there are mountain sheep, a few wild cattle, and the biggest camel that ever wore hair in these badlands.

I walk over to my bed and sit down. I have an old forty-five under my pillow. That bozo looks spooky to me. Smokey looks him over, builds a smoke, and begins to ask questions. I edge in and cross question, and pretty soon we both believe the camel is there. Old Bitter Creek is spilling the truth, we know, for there had been a few camels turned loose on the Yuma Desert a few years back. We figure this old nester had drifted north into the badlands.

My lifelong ambition has been to ride a camel. Smokey or I had never seen one, only their pictures.

Bitter Creek sketches us a map of the badlands. We figure when we have time we'll go there and look things over. We bed down for the night, but I can't sleep. I'm scheming how to snare that camel. I can hear Smokey keep turning over and I think he is chasing camels, too. Old Bitter Creek just saws wood, never missing a knot.

Next morning we have breakfast by daylight. I tell Smokey I have the camel fever, and believe I'll go look see. He says he is rarin' to go with me, so we saddle up our two best horses and pack old Croppy, a little Mexican mule. He's got half an ear gone. I guess some Mexican had chewed it off in his younger days. We tell Bitter Creek to make himself at home till he's rested up.

According to our map we have about thirty miles to Bitter Creek's camp and we high-tail it right along. We find a small seep with just enough water for camp use and our horses. We scout around and find Bitter Creek's camp. He hasn't lied. It is getting late so we make camp. It is a wild and chopped-up country — canyons and sand dunes as far as you can see. There are a few stunted mesquites and plenty of cactus, but no sign of stock. Doesn't look too good, but we don't let on, just swap a few lies and turn in.

NEXT morning we beat the little birdies up and head for the spring ten miles farther on. We leave our camp outfit and tie Croppy up.

We step right along and find a small spring that runs out on the bed of rock and forms a tank of nice clear water. There are a few tracks in the trails but nothing big enough for a camel's track, though we don't know whether he has a split hoof or hoofs like a horse.

There are so many ridges and canyons it is a toss-up which way to go, so we start cutting sign but don't go far till we jump two old moss-backed steers, wild as bucks. Right there my ears lop down. Bitter Creek has seen some Mexican steer that has been crossed up with the Brahman and looks like a camel. Smokey says camels don't have horns. Them old outlaws have plenty.

We track and ride sand washes and slide down sand dunes for two days. We are ready to go back and trim Bitter Creek when we ride around a sand point, and there stands Mr. Camel! He's the toughest looking hombre that ever popped a man's eyeballs!

I look at Smokey. He's taking down his seagrass. I follow suit. That old long-haired baby has started moving out, but he looks thirty feet high and twice as long. Our horses are afraid of him, so he gets a good start. He is shambling right away from us on the straight-aways, but there are so many crooked

(Continued on page 28)

"I hear something break as I go flying through the air and bore a hole in the sand with my head."

We're picking this story up from the first issue of TRUE WEST as an example of what might have happened to some of those old Army camels in "Camelus Americana."

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BEAUTY and the BULLS

By DICK HAYMAN

Photos by the Author

Cormick, 25, is the pioneer of all l bullfighters in Mexico. Courageous , Pat has won the plaudits of Latin the cheers of bullfight aficionados s of the Rio Grande.

In her distinctive Spanish fiesta attire, Pat makes a pretty picture as she stands ready to participate in a Sunday afternoon corrida.

THREE pretty Lone Star girls have been busy making headlines on both sides of the Rio Grande for many months now as star figures in today's *fiesta brava*. The three coincidentally hail from the western part of Texas, and they are equally in love with their amazing choice of careers.

Veteran star of the trio is Patricia McCormick of Big Spring, who has been fighting bulls along the U. S.-Mexico border since September of 1951.

Patricia Hayes, of San Angelo, has been giving public fights in various parts of Mexico since October, 1953, and is now on her way to Europe to become the first American girl to *torear* overseas.

Slightly different in her approach to bullfighting, El Paso's Georgina Knowles faces *los toros* from horseback. Her public appearances date from August of 1952 when she thrilled Ciudad Juarez fans with her combined riding and toro-fighting talents for the first time.

The turning point of Pat McCormick's four-year-old career came in Ciudad Acuna on September 5, 1954, when she almost met death-on-the-horns in the *plaza de toros* there. Caught three times on the sharp horns of a 350-kilo La Playa bull, Pat recalls, "All I remember is the horn's going in and thinking that I'd finally been gored."

At first her peons couldn't free Pat from the bull, but Alejandro del Hierro, her trainer, finally got her to the ground and then to the ring's infirmary. Following many transfusions and emergency surgery, the determined Miss McCormick recovered sufficiently to tell the press that she would soon be back in the ring, continuing to pursue her climb toward becoming the world's first full *matadora de toros*, a goal no woman—not even Spanish or Latin American—has so far achieved.

Seven months later Pat took part in a Nuevo Laredo *corrida*, proving to her many fans that she was back in good form and

neat cape pass, Pat gives a USA-Mexico border thrill during one of her recent Sunday afternoon

A morning's training session means lots of practice with her cape. Here Pat tries a basic pass, as her practice-partner, Pancho Balderas, runs the horns.

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What is it that impels three pretty American girls to risk death or serious injury in the bull ring?

ready to progress further. The next Sunday she fought again in Ciudad Acuna and then went on to make new success in Nogales, Reynosa, Monterrey, Juarez and Tijuana.

Although she now lives in Mexico City, Pat McCormick still considers Big Spring her home. The 25-year-old brunette beauty, an only child, has had a hard time convincing her parents that she was doing the right thing, fighting bulls for fame and fortune. But now they are finally resigned to their daughter's strange career choice, if not completely enthusiastic about it.

Pat lacks only six months of a college degree, having given up her art education for the *fiesta brava* while in her last year of studies at Texas Western College. Previously she had been a music and art student at the University of Texas. While still in school, the toro-struck coed used to practice cape passes before a dormitory mirror, using an old Army blanket and chairs for equipment.

FROM El Paso's Texas Western campus, Pat crossed the border to the Juarez bullring daily to do *quites* in between her classes. Finally college lost out altogether and on September 9, 1951, she fought her first bull in the Juarez plaza, proving her natural talent with cape, *muleta,* and sword.

Since then Miss McCormick has taken part in over 50 *corridas* and many *tientas* (practice fights on Mexican bull-breeding ranches), constantly improving her fighting and killing techniques. Proof of her ability comes to light in the 46 ears and 14 tails of bulls conquered during these past four years. These appendages, trophies awarded by bullring judges, easily explain why Pat has been the most popular of the American girls to appear in the border arenas.

Tall and lithe, the 5-foot 7-inch Big Spring torera weighs only 124 pounds. She resembles a young combination of Loretta Young and Ann Miller, and her blue-green eyes give early warning of the warm humor she soon shows.

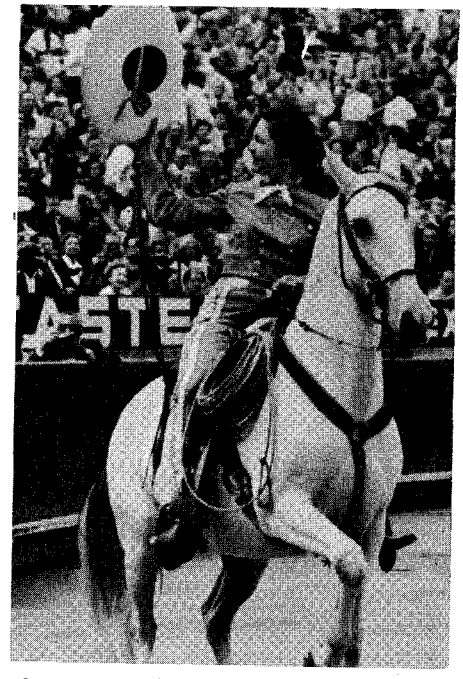
Although a writer herself, strangely enough Pat doesn't read any reviews of her fights. "I'd rather just follow my trainer's instructions and keep improving on my own," she says. Today her manager is Francisco Gomez, well-known bullfight agent. She trains daily with Pancho Balderas, takes long walks, and often rows on the lake in Chapultepec Park, in view of the famed Castle of Maximilian and Carlotta.

The McCormick autobiography, "Lady Bullfighter," has been enjoying a good sale throughout the United States. Asked how she got the idea for the book, Pat explains, "My agent in Los Angeles gave me the suggestion while I was recuperating from a slight injury I got in Tijuana. I wrote the manuscript myself, but then it was polished for publication by Herbert Childs, a well-known Texas author."

Future plans call for a tour of European rings and then ultimately appearances in the Plaza Mexico in Mexico City. "I feel that fighting there," she says, "is the pinnacle of success and I'm waiting until I'm completely ready and have triumphed in all other important plazas."

Actually that time isn't too far off, for Pat McCromick's matadoring has a professional polish now and it continues to shine brighter all the time.

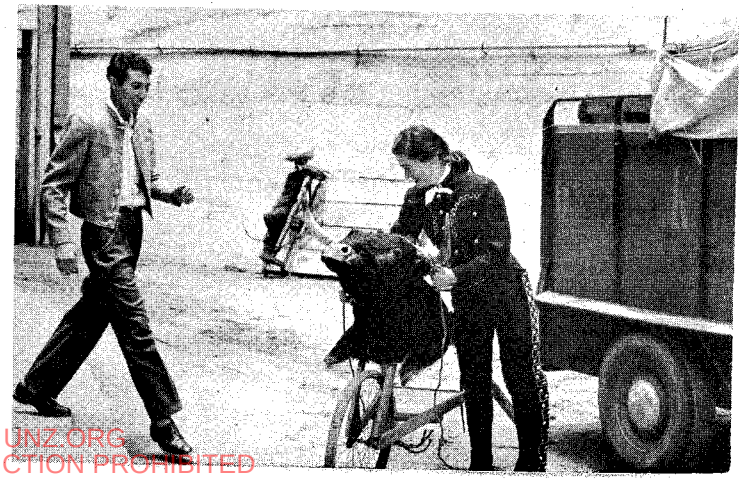
Georgina Knowles tries making friends with her maid's shy son, showing him the fancy banderillas she herself makes for actual use in the ring.



During the paseo, opening parade of each bullfight, Georgina rides special white horse and has him step high to traditional music.

Almost sailing in mid-air, Georgina deftly places pair of banderillas with both hands in bull's back, while he charges and her mount Tony races past just in time.

Peon rushes over to give Georgina a helping hand in preparing "practice bull" for morning's training session.



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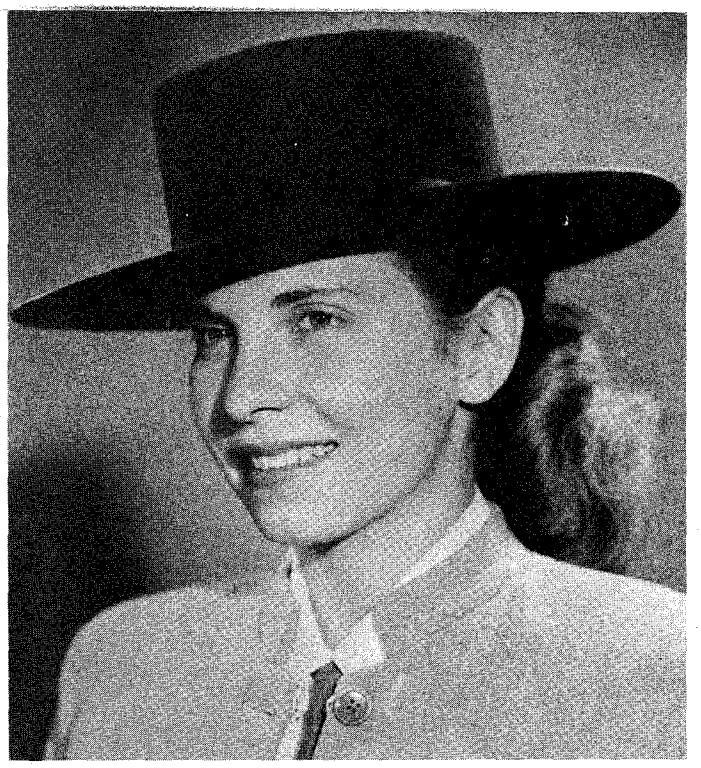

Dressed in her traditional traje corto fiesta suit, Patricia Hayes is ready for an afternoon with the bulls. Blonde and blue-eyed, Pat makes an attractive figure in the black Cordovese hat she wears in every fight.

THE *rejoneadora* (bullfighter from horseback) of the trio, Georgina Knowles, also began her public fighting in Juarez, just across from her El Paso hometown. After almost a year of mounted-bullfighting along the border and in the provinces, she became the first American girl to fight in the Plaza Mexico, world's largest bullring, on August 2, 1953. Of this historic *corrida, Mexico City News* columnist True Bowen wrote, "From the opening seconds of the *paseo,* when she came out riding a beautiful white horse, the public was with Georgina Knowles . . . tense and pale-looking in her black *charro* clothes, she heard several *Dianas* for her superb horsemanship and her obvious command of the bull."

The brunette, green-eyed Knowles beauty has commanded high respect in bullfight circles throughout Texas and Mexico. Successes have been scored by her all along the border as well as in Acapulco, Chihuahua, Monterrey, and Mexico City, where the Plaza Mexico has featured her rejoneadoring twice since that initial appearance.

Georgina has a propensity for making "firsts." In addition to being the first American girl to star in Mexico City's arena, she's the first to ride *montada en pelo,* bareback, using only a single leather strap to hold herself in place during rapid action in the ring; first of all mounted matadors to do capework from atop a toro-trained steed; and first in placing *banderillas* with both hands as her horse goes whirling by the bull.

Georgina was cashiering in an El Paso theatre when she made the decision to cross the border and become a *rejoneadora.* She was partly influenced by her deep admiration for the great Conchita Cintron, now retired and raising a family in Europe, who was the most successful of all Latin American *rejoneadoras;* partly by the fine fights she saw in the Ciudad Juarez arena.

While working out with other bullring hopefuls in Juarez, the ambitious beauty was noticed by David "Tabaquito" Siqueiros, a top *banderillero* and trainer. Convinced of the girl's sincerity and potential talent, Tabaquito undertook the job of training and managing her. Today he is still her *maestro* and *apoderado.*

With over thirty fights to her credit, Georgina has been making plans to go to Spain and spend about a year there, fighting from horseback throughout that homeland of *la fiesta brava.* "It depends on how they accept me, as to how long I'll stay there," she knowingly says.

Her time in Spain will be put to another important use: buying two new horses for her fighting in the future. Her present King Ranch palomino, Tony, is a perfectly trained mount for the ring, but she will need new steeds for coming *corridas.*

The subject of many national magazine articles, Georgina Knowles hasn't let her success change her any. She's the same shy, natural Lone Star daughter who not so long ago amazed friends and family by becoming an arena headliner.

"It's a wonderful feeling to be out there in the ring alone with a fighting bull," she tells friends. "A terrifying feeling, too, but when you know you have to please the crowd, you think you just have to do your best—and you do!"

ALSO an amazing surprise to her family and classmates at North Texas State College, Patricia Hayes was a quietly studious music major on vacation when she saw her first bullfight at Villa Acuna. Matadors Luis Procuna and Rafael Rodriguez never knew that their afternoon of unusually fine bullfighting was changing the life of a lovely blonde, blue-eyed San Angelo girl in that day's audience.

But that *corrida* did make up Pat's mind to try her own hand at the fiesta. It seemed to awaken some dormant fire in her otherwise soft-spoken, retiring nature. She read all she could find on bullfighting, saw all of the movies then playing with a *toro* theme, and finally headed for Mexico City for a vacation, during which she attended a *tienta,* actually took on a small bull, and was completely bitten by the bullfight bug as she experienced that unique thrill of facing the charging beast and bettering him.

Three years ago in October, Pat made her first public appearance in the small Guanajuato town of Cortazar. There she cut both ears of her bull, made a triumphant tour of the ring, and decided that she had made no mistake in donning the festival suit of the female matador.

Today, far more polished and with a developing style of her own, she appears in *corridas* all over Mexico, winning new fans to American participation in bullfighting.

March 21st, 1955, Pat made newspaper headlines from coast to coast, both in the States and in Mexico, bringing the audience in the Acuna ring to hysterical pitch, as she was tossed time and again by a bull from which she finally cut both ears and the tail. Her greatest triumph to date!

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Left: During one of her Texas-Mexico border-town fights, Pat tries a standard muleta pass as el toro charges viciously. Although tossed by the horns several times in this corrida, Pat gamely finished her second bull, paying no attention to torn pants, cuts or bruises. Center: Just prior to a Sunday program, Pat exercises her arms and wrists with a practice cape pass. Right: Here, Pat practices a cape pass during a tienta (training fight with special fighting cows).

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HORSE THIEF

By NEVADA DICK

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Horse Thief Canyon, just west of Dodge City, drew its name from the hanging of three horse thieves there.

It's hard to believe, but horse stealing still existed in Nevada in 1934. Basically, the rustlers' methods were identical with those of horse thieves operating in the 1870's and 80's.

THE mere mention these days that horse thieves still followed their old vocation in the West as late as twenty-two years ago, invariably brings a laugh. Yet, in 1934, while a resident of Nevada, I recall the running off of large bands of horses owned by old Bob Steele, whose horses ranged on the Ruby Flats in the semi-desert country, south of Humboldt Wells, a stopping place for immigrant trains bound for California in the early days.

Robert M. Steele had been building up his horse herds for a period of years, and in 1934 had close to a thousand head. The price of horseflesh had jumped, and Bob decided to unload some of his animals. The roundup disclosed that others had notions of supplying horses, and, having none of their own, these bold jaspers had been pilfering stock bearing Steele's brand.

On the morning of August 24, S. C. Weeks, a rancher in Clover Valley, observed strangers hazing horses across his ranch. Weeks immediately returned to his ranch house and phoned Sheriff J. C. Harris in Elko. Within a few hours the sheriff appeared on the scene. The rustlers had disappeared and left no trace. Harris then returned to his office.

Five days later, Sheriff Harris, accompanied by his deputy, Guidici, again visited the locale of the suspected rustling. Reaching a spot on the old stage trail leading from Wells along the Ruby Mountains to Ely, the men parked their car and climbed into the hills to scan the Flats through binoculars. Far across the Flats they made out a band of hobbled horses being hazed across the desert toward Spruce. Returning to their car, the officers headed through the sage-covered sands in pursuit. Sighting the car, the thieves dashed into the "roughs."

The outlaw leader proved a clever *hombre,* and before long the officers found themselves floundering among the sand dunes. Within minutes they were compelled to halt as the car straddled a "high center." It required an hour to dig the car loose, and at the end of that time the horsemen were mere dots on the horizon. By the time the pursuit was again taken up, the elements took a hand. A dust storm, followed by a heavy rain, effectively wiped out all trace of the marauders. The horses, abandoned by the rustlers, were found and driven back to the Steele ranch.

All ranchers in the area, together with their cowboys, were deputized by the sheriff before he returned to Elko. Posses of armed men patrolled the range for weeks, but not a single capture was made. The subject of rustling was still the paramount topic of conversation when, the following month, I found myself washing the alkali dust from my throat at the Bull's Head bar in Wells.

With the exception of the apron and myself, the place was deserted. Soon, however, the batwing doors swung open and in strolled an oldster. He bellied up to the bar beside me and called for a dust-cutter. Acquaintance was quickly made, and before long my new-found *amigo* and I were discussing the late epidemic of rustling that had hit the range.

The talk moved from there to similar conditions on the range in Kansas in the early days. My companion, it seemed, had experienced plenty of adventure back in those times.

"IN the early 70's, he recalled, Dad pulled up stakes in Iowa and drifted into Kansas, where he established a ranch along the Arkansas River not far from Cimarron. I was only a little chap, but by the time I was fourteen years old I was herding stock and doing a man's work. The country was still mighty wild and filled with rough characters. A youngster thrown in with such company was bound to get misled, I reckon, and a heap of good boys went wrong.

(Continued on page 36)

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Photo Courtesy Arizona Development Board

Colorfully costumed Hopi dancers gather to perform the beautiful and symbolic Butterfly Dance.

Heap Big POW WOW!

BY FRED GIPSON

Second in series of Western travel sketches by the editor of TRUE WEST.

All decked out in gala attire, this girl's smile shows she's having a good time at the Pow Wow.

Wayne Davis Photos, St. Johns, Arizona

PURELY by accident, we arrived at Flagstaff at the same time that about ten thousand Indians were gathering from all over the West to hold one of their big annual Pow Wows.

The Indians came pouring into town by bus, by train, on shad-bellied ponies, in red convertibles, in covered wagons, in gleaming chrome-plated Cadillacs, in half-ton trucks, in rattletrap jalopies and in trailer houses, elaborate with all modern conveniences.

Some were Navajos, with their long black hair yarn-wrapped into tight wads that stuck out from under their cowhand hats like the tails of horses. Some were hatless Hopis, with their banged hair square-cut about their faces. There were squat, heavy, square-jawed Apaches, lordly Cheyennes, Kiowas, Sac-Fox, San Juans, Lagunas, Chochiti, Zuni, and Taos.

They came in colorful tribal costumes; in long velvet dresses ornamented with strings of dimes and quarters and half-dollar pieces; in pale-blue nylon street-length dresses; in tourist-type slacks and shorts; in rodeo garb; in "squaw dresses" manufactured in New York.

They pitched camp in the City Park at the foot of the San Francisco peaks, erected their canvas tents under the towering Ponderosa pines, built campfires that glowed warm and bright in the gathering powder-blue dusk and filled the air with the sharp, fragrant odor of burning pitchwood.

They butchered beeves and muttons and hung the raw carcasses to cool-dry in the chill mountain air. The men sat wrapped in blankets around the campfires and talked of old times and other gatherings. They gambled for hours at card games with rules so intricate that few white men ever quite grasp the procedure. The women set up looms and wove on blankets; they worked on pottery, jewelry, and baskets — and haggled with ogle-eyed tourists who came to buy. They straggled downtown, wagging beady-eyed babies in their arms or sacked in blankets slung across their shoulders. They sat on the curbstones and stared solemnly at the endless stream of trains that thundered and howled back and forth along the steel rails.

THE men romped through an all-Indian afternoon rodeo and horse race, consistently taking greater risks than almost any white rodeo performer will ever take, and consistently demonstrating far less proficiency at the daring game.

They took in the carnival, with its glittering lights and noise and jostling crowds of pleasure-seekers. They ate sticky-sweet cotton candy, peanuts, popcorn, hamburgers, and hot dogs. They rode the Ferris wheels, the roller coasters, the whirling airplanes. They tossed their money away at the concession booths in vain hope of winning plaster-of-Paris dolls, junk knives, cheap and gaudy jewelry, and live baby ducks.

They milled and talked and laughed and played and rammed their cars into filling-station gasoline pumps and got staggering drunk and made love and fought savagely among themselves.

All of which was merely a warm-up for the primary purpose of the get-together; the great intertribal ceremonial dances.

During the afternoon rodeo performance, I had the opportunity to play hero to one chunky little Apache of about Beck's age.

After the show got started, the boys and I had appropriated some empty box seats down next to the rail, where we could see better. Right after us, with the same idea in mind, came four little Indian boys, their black eyes alive with the excitement of the spectacle in

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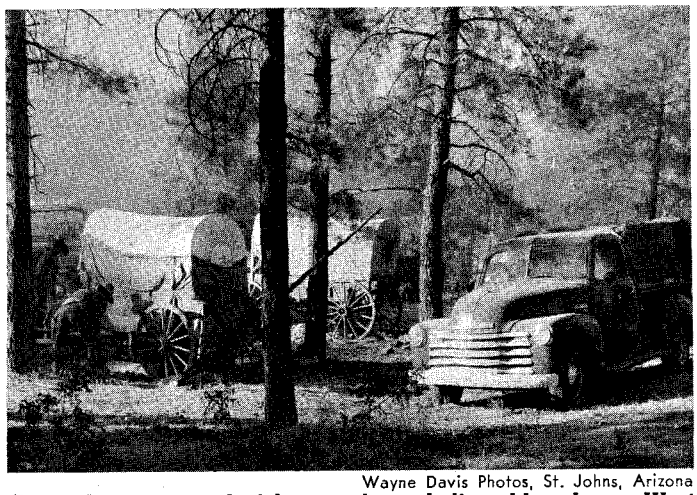

Wayne Davis Photos, St. Johns, Arizona

Covered wagons and pickup truck symbolize old and new West at the same campsite.

Wayne Davis Photos, St. Johns, Arizona

The stands are crowded for the rodeo events, with the folks eagerly watching the daring Indian performers.

the arena, their little brown bodies rank with the mingled odors of sweat, wood smoke, fat drippings, sheep wool, and long accumulations of desert dust.

ONE with a shaggy head immediately climbed atop the iron-pipe railing, where he squatted down on bare heels, balancing himself on the precarious perch as easily as a chicken on a roost.

I didn't see him when he fell. I had my eye on a big red steer that had just come lunging out of the chute across the arena and on the Indian roper who spurred in pursuit. Then, beside me, Mike leaped out of his chair, calling frantically, "Daddy! Daddy! They pushed him off! That steer'll get him!"

I started up in alarm, thinking Beck had gone over the rail. Then I looked down and saw the little Indian scrambling up out of the arena dust. He was square in the path of the wild-eyed steer that was now trying to escape in a fast run close against the grandstand wall.

While the boy was as desperately aware of his danger as I, he didn't cry out and he didn't panic. In the period of time that it took me to fling myself half over the rail, reaching for him, he calculated his chances and flattened himself paper-thin against the concrete wall—the one and only move that might possibly save him from being crushed to death.

It would make a better story, I suppose, for me to take credit for saving his life. Actually, I was too slow, and the steer was already on him before I could get a hold on one of his grimy little wrists. But for some miraculous reason that only the little Apache's gods might know, the steer swerved at the last instant. The sharp horns missed him by a bare inch; and before the oncoming roper could ride the boy down, I'd swung him aloft and out of danger.

Like most young wild animals, he possessed that marvelous ability to forget his narrow escape the instant it was over. Before the show was done, he was perched confidently back upon the smooth pipe-railing, as eagerly intent upon the performance as any of his companions, apparently aware from the start that their shoving him into the arena had been an act of play, with no harm intended.

But a couple of times, he did glance around and hand me a shy grin that I took for one of appreciation. That helped some to calm my own shaken nerves.

AFTER the rodeo, we aroused Tommie from her sleep in a tourist court and went to visit briefly with Platt Cline, editor of the *Arizona Daily Sun*. Cline went to some lengths to assure us that we'd be safe among the Indians; that they were a kind, friendly, honest, and ambitious people who hold their elders in high regard, place great virtue upon traditions, and are imbued with a strong religious sense.

We visited later with a carnival barker for a doll concession booth, who held a somewhat different opinion. He claimed

Photo Courtesy Arizona Development Board

Navajo mother and child attend a movie.

to have been born among the Indians, to have an Apache godfather, and to have clubbed to death one Indian obsessed with the desire to carve out the heart of one carnival barker.

The way he saw them, they were cruel-hearted savages, drunkards, laggards, and rascally thieves.

(Continued on page 38)

The colorful parade marches to the City Park to start the Pow Wow in style.

Photo Courtesy Arizona Development Board

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TEXAS

A RANCH ON THE NUECES

By J. FRANK DOBIE

Illustrated by B. D. Titsworth

MANY an old ranch house by its very looks calls up human destinies. Such is the Ray Ranch on the Nueces River down in the brush country of southwest Texas. It was established so long ago and the story has passed through so many people on the way down that it must be considered subject to the fallacies of memory. I heard it on a ranch gallery one night while the only sounds beside the voice of Rocky Reagan were the south wind in the trees, the hoot of an owl now and then in the river bottom, and the occasional howl of a coyote out in the brush.

After the Civil War was over, Elijah Ray still had lands and a big store in Alabama, though no money. He preached on the side and ran the store in partnership with a man named Hess. Hess had a bull-like build and a red face that marked him among other men. He was capable and energetic, but about the time business began to pick up, Elijah Ray discovered signs of dishonesty in him. When two Yankees showed up with cash, he decided to sell out his interest in the store, along with a farm. The family lived on a better one. Hess sold his interest also.

Elijah Ray made a prospecting trip into Texas in the late '40's and had never ceased to talk about the land there. This talk and fresh reports of the great cattle drives out of Texas and the free grass on which herds were raised filled the two Ray sons, Wallace and Jim, with ambition to go to Texas. They wanted a ranch of their own.

In 1868, Jim Ray was eighteen years old and Wallace was twenty. One day their father said, "Since you boys are bound to go to Texas, I want you to go prepared. I once thought I would go, but now it's getting late. Your mother and I have talked matters over. We have enough to live on and to take care of your sisters until they marry. We are going to give each of you five thousand dollars for a stake."

Banks at this time were very scarce and communications with Texas were scarcer. Elijah Ray remembered how in that sparsely populated land most business was transacted for cash. Indeed, for a few years after Wallace and Jim reached it, cattle buyers carried bags of gold and silver with them to "cow works," left the money lying in camp until a herd had been "shaped up," and then counted out the gold and silver on a blanket to the sellers. It was decided that the two brothers had better take their money in cash. Bank notes were at a discount and in the South, where paper money had sunk to nothing, were not wanted.

The father had a fine money belt made for each of the boys. When filled with five thousand dollars in gold pieces, it was plenty heavy. It was worn under shirt and trousers, but any observant eye could have detected it. Each of the boys bought himself a six-shooter, a long rifle, and clothes of the best grade. Their mother saw that each had a Bible in his bag. They figured they could do better in Texas on saddles and other horse equipment.

THE preparations went on for a good while. Outside of the family only Hess knew that they were taking five thousand dollars apiece in money belts. Having a hand in the business transactions, he had somehow found out. He knew also that they were going to the mesquite grass country on the Nueces River west of most settlements, where Elijah Ray had been in a seasonable year—when there was no sign of drought. Five or six weeks before they left, Hess of the bull build and red face disappeared. Wallace and Jim went down the Mississippi on a steamboat to New Orleans, and there caught a boat to Indianola on the Texas coast—a one-time important port, long since annihilated by a Gulf hurricane. They found Indianola booming with trade, with freight wagons leaving every day for San Antonio and other inland places. The stores offered everything a frontiersman could want. The Ray brothers spent several days looking around, getting the lay of the land and completing their outfits.

They bought two extra good Spanish horses, well broken and in good flesh: a coyote dun—a dun with a stripe down his back—for Jim; and a *grullo* — slate-colored like a sandhill crane—for Wallace. Each had a cowboy saddle, leather leggings, boots, spurs, and a Saltillo blanket with a hole slit in the middle of it so that it could be worn to turn water—slickers not yet having arrived. It was late summer and these blankets, carried rolled up behind the saddle, would serve as pallets. Instead of burdening themselves with a pack horse, they rolled up extra clothing in the blankets. They each carried cartridges and some food, principally crackers, coffee, sugar, and bacon, with a small coffeepot and tin cups, in a *morral*—the fiber bag of Mexican make that swung from nearly every saddle horn in the country. They traded off the long, heavy Alabama rifles for light saddle guns carried in scabbards.

One night in a wagon yard at Indianola, Jim Ray overheard talk that led him to believe Hess had been at this place and had gone on west. This was surprising, but neither Jim nor Wallace attached significance to the news.

The two set out with a wagon train bound for Beeville. Traveling was slow, but the coastal prairies afforded plenty to see. The earth was a carpet of grass, in many places belly-high to a horse. It was dotted with deer, cattle, and wild horses; prairie chickens and bobwhites flew out of it constantly along the road. September, the month of rains, had come and the grass was green and all the streams were running with clear water. Until the route crossed an arm of post-oak country, the only brush and timber were along creeks.

AT Beeville, the Rays bought a few extra provisions and cut loose from the freighters to prospect alone. They could kill meat any time they wanted it and expected to live largely upon it. They went west by north. They knew there were few ranches west of the Nueces. They expected to locate perfection—water and grass—somewhere out in that vast vacancy. Ten thousand dollars would buy two thousand heifers. Even if they did not buy that many to raise calves, but kept some money for improvements, more horses, and expenses, they could set up a good-sized ranch. They expected to file on a section of land each for headquarters, and build a house. The problem would be to control their stock on a range that belonged to nobody and so to everybody.

They crossed the Nueces at Puente Piedra, where a ferry was installed years later, and camped under live oak trees. They saw cattle, some not branded, but no people. They caught a few glimpses of mustang cattle, which ran separately from the semi-domesticated stock. Some were black, some yellowish, most of them line-backed, the thick, sharp-pointed horns on the bulls indicating the fighting strain of Spanish cattle from which they were descended. They were literally wilder than the deer and as unclaimed. Along the creeks and rivers wild turkeys were as common as jack rabbits out on the prairies. Now and then a band of startled mustang horses, always alert, ran against the sky line.

The second day, the Rays rode upcountry from the Puente Piedra without seeing a sign of a ranch. A big rain that had fallen during the night blotted out all tracks. A little before sundown, while they were nearing a heavy line of timber that indicated a creek, eighteen riders dashed toward them at a dead run, shooting and yelling. It would have been foolhardy

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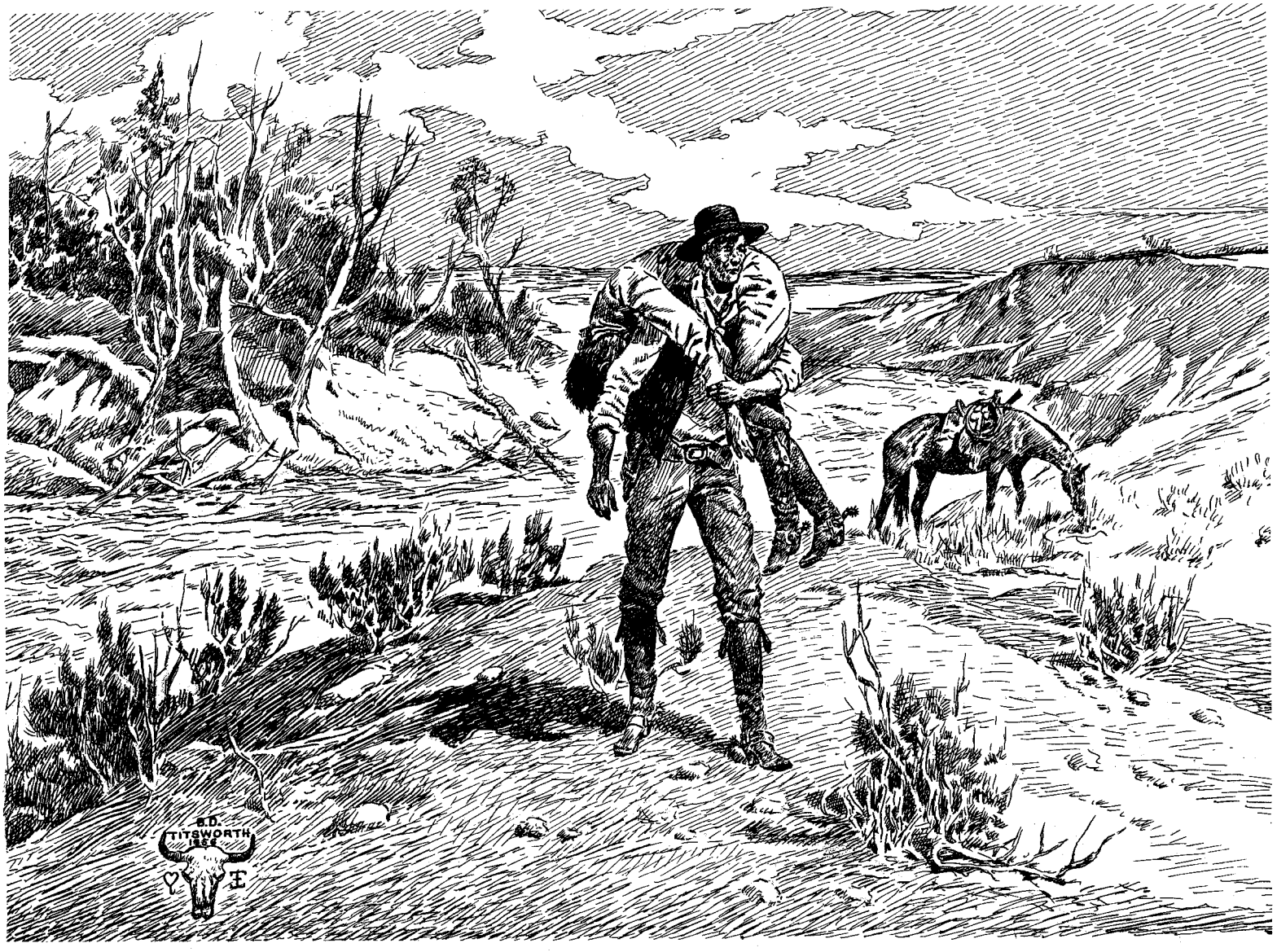

He carried his brother's body to the head of a gully, wrapped his own shirt around the head, and spent almost the whole day digging dirt with his pocket knife to cover the body.

to try to stand them off, and the brothers headed for a brushy draw to their left. Travel in heavy ground had jaded their horses; now, as they made the best time they could, they turned in their saddles and fired their six-shooters at the raiders. Neither, so far as they could tell, made a hit. Jim caught a glimpse of the red face of a hatless man with a red bandana tied around his head. He had a different look from the other riders, who were unmistakable Indians.

A short distance from the brush, Wallace went down under a dead horse. Jim stopped to try to get him loose and saw that he was dying. He seemed to have been shot through the lungs. He was plainly past being saved. Jim remounted and with bullets hitting around him, made it to the brush. There his horse stumbled in a soggy gopher hole and as Jim cleared his back he decided that the best policy would be to run in the direction opposite to that the recovered horse was headed. He jumped into a hard-bottomed gully and ran down it to thick covering, where he stopped. All he had was his six-shooter, and it had only one unfired cartridge. He realized how useless at the moment all his gold was.

HE could hear the Indians above him and in other directions and knew they had caught his horse. Then dark came. Flying clouds, played on by lightning, banked to the west. After all was quiet, Jim half-crawled back to where his brother had fallen. Occasionally he could hear a voice from the creek timber, where the Indians had evidently camped. Wallace's body was not mutilated, but some of his clothes had been removed—and his money belt was gone. Comanches were not out after money belts.

Daylight found Jim in tall grass partly protected by brush whence he could view the camp. The Indians were bringing in hobbled horses. He saw his coyote dun among them, and he saw plainly what he had waited to see. The red-faced man with a bandana tied around his forehead, blockier in build than the other men, was unmistakably Hess. Until the end of his life Jim Ray speculated on how Hess had got in with the Indians, but figured it must have been through one of those chains of horse thieves, some making use of Indians, that operated from the Rio Grande clear across Texas into the old Southern States.

The Indians, instead of riding up the creek, now prepared to cross it. It was up, swimming big, indicating that heavy rains had fallen to the west. The south bank was a bluff; the north bank sloping. During the excitement of crossing the creek, Jim, hiding behind trees and bushes, got closer. Circumstances seemed to be favoring the use of his one cartridge. Two or three of the riders managed to leap their horses into the stream, but the others had to blindfold theirs and back them off the bank. Some men swam free, some held the trails of their horses.

When the last man reached the sloping bank on the other side, Jim steadied his six-shooter with both hands and aimed at Hess. The bullet, apparently, did not even graze him. It was part of Jim's plan to show himself. He stood up and yelled, and one of the bullets that replied flecked his left

(Continued on page 35)

Even the murder of his brother at the hands of Indians led by a white renegade could not deter young Jim Ray from establishing a new home in Texas.

Reprinted from **Tales of Old-Time Texas**, published by Little, Brown & Company.

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Clay Allison, age 26

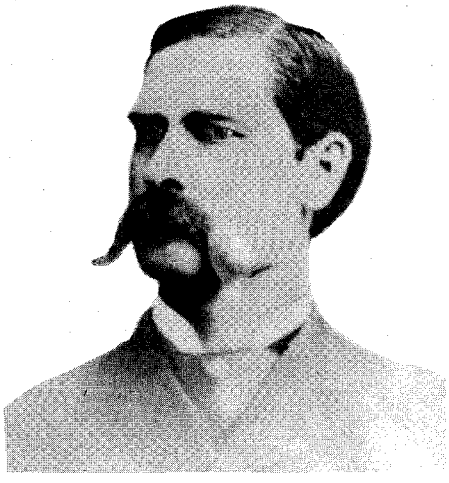
Clay Allison got a kick out of shooting men—but remorse and retribution finally caught up with the

LAUGHING KILLER!

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

Wyatt Earp, as he appeared in 1886.



MANY of the oldtime Western badmen were, by modern psychiatric standards, real gone crackpots. Clay Allison was one of the worst. Clay's weird behavior indicates conclusively that he was of the manic-depressive type of psychopath, alternating between moods of wild elation and blackest despair. On the mad upswing of his emotional curve, Allison was about as fantastic a character as you'd be apt to meet outside a padded cell.

There was the time Clay put on a frontier "Lady Godiva" act for the amazed and amused citizens of Canadian, Texas. Stripped to the skin—except, of course, for gun-belt, boots and sombrero—Allison rode down Main Street at full gallop on Saturday night, standing upright in his stirrups and whooping endearing remarks to the scandalized women on the sidewalk. Proud as a prince and naked as a jaybird, he rode the entire length of Main Street and dismounted in front of a saloon. Posing gracefully in the doorway, Clay doffed his sombrero with a grand flourish and invited his fascinated audience inside for a drink.

Not all of Allison's mad stunts were as harmless. Challenged to a duel to the death by an outraged Texan, Clay promptly chose Bowie knives as weapons and a deep, open grave for a dueling ground. The grave would also double as a last resting place for the loser. Clay's shaken opponent, pale but game, accepted the unique terms. Allison carved him up and left him dead in the grave. Well sliced himself, Clay climbed out of the gory trench dripping blood and laughing insanely. The tendons of his right leg were injured so badly in this sanguinary affair he walked with a limp the rest of his life. Maybe it made sense to Allison; it failed to impress the sickened spectators.

UNEASY ego drove Allison to challenge any rival six-gun ace to a showdown—which he generally maneuvered to look like a case of "shooting in self-defense."

Wyatt Earp was one gun-fighter who turned the tables neatly on Clay. Allison, who displayed twenty-one notches on his gun at the time, boasted that he had killed six lawmen and planned to add Marshal Earp, of Dodge City, Kansas, to his "dead list."

Warned of Allison's boast, Wyatt said merely, "Let him come and make his play. I'll be waiting."

Up from Las Animas, New Mexico, rode Clay on his cream-white "war horse," dressed all in black-and-white, with his jet mustache a-curl. Six feet two in height, slim-hipped, wide shouldered, with flashing blue eyes, Allison could have made any of today's cowboy film stars take a back seat when it came to good looks and dramatic appearance. In addition to being a screwball, he was a terrific ham and as inordinately vain as a chorus girl.

Marshal Earp and gunman Allison met in front of the Long Branch saloon on a warm summer morning in 1877. Both men were dressed similarly as to color scheme, but where Clay sported a showy white buckskin vest trimmed with silver *conchos,* Wyatt wore a plain white shirt adorned only with his silver star of office.

Earp stopped short at sight of Allison and leaned against the wall of the saloon, thus forcing Clay to approach him from in front. Around the two crack gun-slingers space was suddenly cleared as if an invisible giant hand had whisked away the apprehensive bystanders.

Allison advanced mincingly in his fancy high-heeled boots.

"You Earp?" he demanded.

"I'm *Marshal* Earp," corrected Wyatt significantly.

Clay strutted closer. "I've been *lookin'* for you."

"You've found me, then."

Allison lurched suddenly against Earp; the marshal felt Clay's stomach muscles tighten as he went for his gun. He hadn't cleared leather when the muzzle of Earp's "Buntline Special"—a presentation .45 Colt with a twelve-inch barrel—prodded Clay in the belly.

"Drop it, Clay!" snapped Wyatt.

Allison dropped the half-drawn weapon back into its holster as though it were red-hot. "Hell, Wyatt, I was only jokin'," he grinned.

Earp failed to smile. "Get out of Dodge and take your jokes with you," he suggested grimly.

Clay wheeled, climbed aboard his cream-white horse, and left town on the gallop. His humiliation was complete; he never made trouble in Dodge again.

Basically, Allison was always unsure of himself, so his ruthless, neurotic mind was constantly scheming to get a decisive edge on a dangerous opponent. He once sat facing gunman Chunk Colbert across a restaurant table in Clifton, New Mexico, for two solid hours in a marathon test of nerves. Both men acted in the same maniacal manner: laughing, talking, stirring numerous cups of coffee with the barrels of their six-shooters. Colbert's shrieking nerves snapped first and he made his belated break. Clay—who had his countermove planned precisely in advance—upset the light table with his knees, dumping it in Colbert's lap, coffee and all. Chunk got off one shot that flew wild; Clay threw one slug that drilled Colbert through the forehead. Another case of "shooting in self-defense" for killer Allison.

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ONCE Allison, game leg and all, "danced" his way out of a situation that could easily have wound up for him in a one-way trip to Boot Hill.

Cowpuncher Frank Cattlin accidentally jostled Clay's elbow at a bar one day, spilling the gunman's liquor. Deep in one of his black moods, Allison still retained enough sense to realize that the crowd would not stand for his shooting an unarmed man. Accordingly, he jerked his gun and ordered Frank to dance to the tune of bullets chewing up the wooden floor around his feet. Cattlin danced as ordered—but when Clay's gun was empty and the surly killer had turned again to his drinking without bothering to reload, Frank stepped outside and borrowed a Colt from a friend. Returning, the angry cowboy pushed the muzzle of the cocked .45 roughly into Allison's ribs and barked, "Now, damn you, *you* dance!"

Dance Clay did, wincing at the painful sting of powder-blast accompanying each shot. His bad leg gave out at the fourth crashing shot, and he tumbled down in the dirty sawdust at Cattlin's feet. Lying in this undignified position, head resting on a filthy spittoon, Allison underwent a lightning change of mood. He grinned up at Frank Cattlin and bawled, "Goddam it, boy, you've taught me a good lesson! Help me up and I'll buy you a drink!"

Professional gamblers in the joint offered odds that Frank Cattlin would be a dead pigeon before sundown, and got no takers. Inexplicably, Allison never sought to rectify his loss of face by killing Cattlin. He drank steadily for an hour, mumbled something about having a toothache, and reeled out the door, seeking a dentist.

The tooth-yanker, understandably nervous at having the famed gunman in his chair, pulled the wrong tooth. Sobered by the pain, Clay discovered his loss immediately. Bellowing like a wounded buffalo, he lashed the terrified dentist to his own torture-seat and pulled three of his teeth in retaliation—with his own forceps and *without* benefit of anesthesia.

In Dodge City, Clay had meekly knuckled under to Wyatt Earp—but in New Mexico he was a law unto himself. Hank Lambert's saloon, in Cimarron, was his unofficial headquarters. Here he ruled as sadistic tyrant or benevolent despot, as the mood hit him. One night he roared out his intention of shooting out all the swinging oil lamps in the place. The worried proprietor summoned the marshal to pacify him. Marshal Pancho tried to talk Clay out of the brainless idea. Allison listened sullenly without saying a word. Finally, in a nervous gesture, Pancho removed his sombrero and dropped hand and hat to the level of his waist. Instantly, Clay pulled a gun and shot him dead.

Allison was not even arrested for this shocking, cold-blooded murder. He claimed that the marshal had used his sombrero as a shield to hide his gun-hand while he attempted to draw. As Pancho had no warrant for his arrest, Clay maintained he had a legal right to protect himself. Nobody challenged this ridiculous assertion.

IN Las Animas, Clay and his brother John attended a shindig at a local dance-hall. It was Western etiquette to check all shooting-irons before shaking a merry hoof with the gals, but the Allisons delighted in breaking all rules of genteel conduct. Marshal Charlie Faber politely asked the swaggering brothers to turn over their guns, and was told to go to hell. Faber left the hall and returned with a double-barreled shotgun. He ordered John Allison to throw up his hands. John went for his Colt instead, and took half-a-dozen Number-O buckshot through his gun arm. Firing from a far corner of the room, Clay put a slug through the marshal's heart. Miraculously, only one "innocent bystander" was hit by flying lead in this scrap, and he was not seriously wounded.

Again the crafty killer pleaded self-defense. "Faber had another load of buckshot in his gun, and was out to get all the Allisons he could," argued Clay in a Las Animas courtroom. The bemused jury agreed with Allison, and set him free.

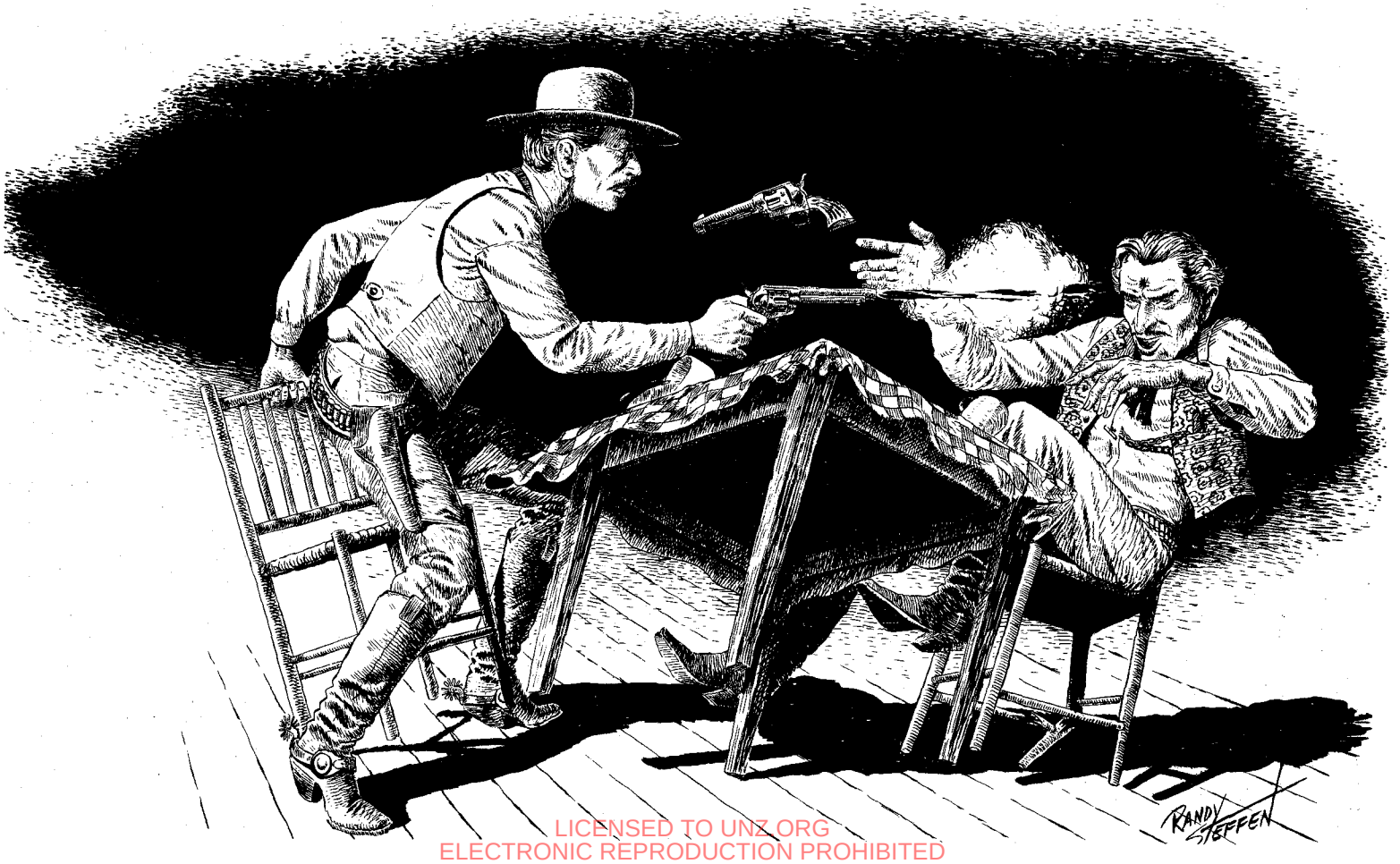
Shortly thereafter, Clay bulldozed his way into an appointment as foreman of a grand jury in Las Animas. He proceeded to lead the jurors in a twenty-eight-day-and-night session, during which no court business was transacted but everybody stayed happily drunk on liquor provided by Foreman Allison. When the bills came in, it was discovered that Clay had indeed paid for the whiskey—but with county warrants signed by himself.

Allison took a short "vacation" after this escapade, and came whooping back into town to find court in session. He rode his war horse into the courtroom and ordered court adjourned until he left town again. The judge hesitated to obey—and Clay put a bullet through the wall just above the judge's head. Court adjourned.

For all the foregoing indictment, it must not be rashly assumed that Clay Allison was a totally bad *hombre*. In his lucid moments he fancied himself as a sort of frontier Robin Hood, fighting gallantly for the weak, helpless, and oppressed.

(Continued on page 38)

Clay upset the light table with his knees, dumping it in Colbert's lap, coffee and all. Chunk got off one shot that flew wild; Clay threw one slug that drilled Colbert through the forehead.



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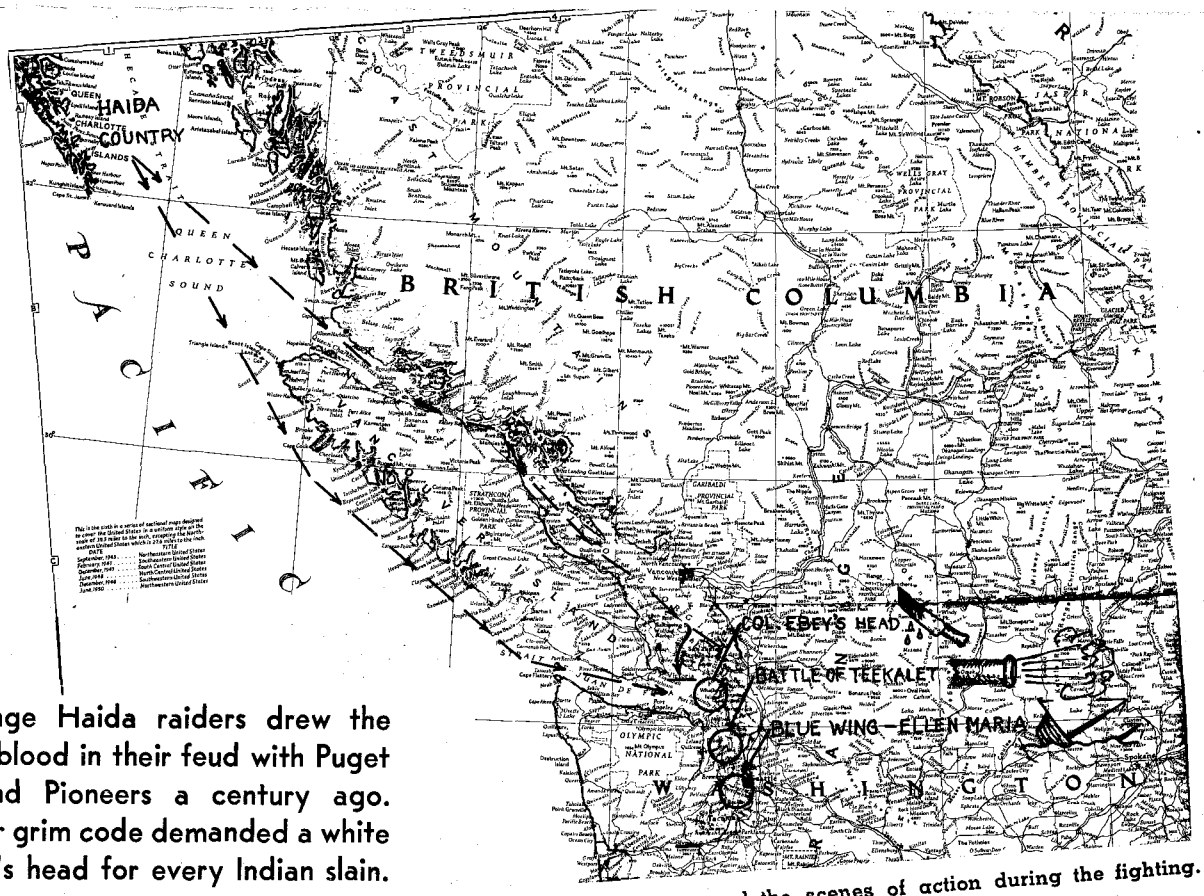

Savage Haida raiders drew the last blood in their feud with Puget Sound Pioneers a century ago. Their grim code demanded a white man's head for every Indian slain.

Map, showing Haida country and the scenes of action during the fighting.

WASHINGTON

HEAD-HUNTING WAS THEIR HOBBY

By DONALD H. CLARK

NIGHT fog still shrouded Hood Canal and hung in the lower branches of the dark firs ashore. The steamer *Traveler's* rusty little mortar barked at Haida raiders hiding in the Indian village across the bay from Teekalet. The second round shot struck one of the flimsy cedar lodges and scattered its debris through the camp.

Bedlam broke loose before the echoes died. Dogs howled, an elk-hide drum beat an alarm, and a scattered volley of musket shots cracked out from the village. Splinters flew from the *Traveller's* cabin, and glass from a shattered window tinkled on the deck.

Frightened Haida women snatched up their children and dodged through the brush toward the timber's edge, east of the village. The warriors scattered, taking cover behind logs and stumps, their muskets leveled at the *Traveller* and at the steam launch which was heading slowly toward the beach from the U.S.S. *Massachusetts.*

On board the *Massachusetts,* anchored out in the deep bay, Captain Swartwout watched the action through his telescope. "Signal Semmes to occupy the village," he called over his shoulder. While the signal flags were still fluttering up the halyards, Lieutenant Semmes ordered the launch full speed ahead. His twenty marines crouched in the bow ready for a landing.

Semmes beckoned the Clallam interpreter from the launch. "Tell them I want to parley with their chief." The interpreter funneled his hands around his mouth and shouted toward the village, *"Nes'ka tikegh wawa kopa tyee."*

The answer was a chorus of derisive howls from the concealed Haidas and a large rock which glanced off the howitzer shield. Lieutenant Semmes faced around toward the *Massachusetts,* raised a hand high above his head, and then dropped it toward the village. Red flashes lanced out from the ship's gun ports, and the sand spit on which the village huddled erupted in shell bursts.

Semmes waved his men to follow and started toward the Indian camp in a half crouch. The *Massachusetts* covered his advance, firing over the camp into the timber where most of the Haidas were now hidden. Shells and grapeshot tore branches from trees, and a tall dead snag toppled over and fell with a splintering crash among the Indians.

Yells of pain followed the shell bursts, but the Haidas held their ground at the edge of the timber and fired steadily at the landing party. Gus Englebrecht, an acting corporal on the left flank of the line, fired his carbine point-blank at a tall Indian, then scrambled over a log behind which the redskin had dropped. The Indian, blood streaming down his face, brained Englebrecht with a war club.

THE village had been wrecked by shell fire, leaving an almost impassable barrier of rubble between Semmes' detachment and the woods. Shooting from the timber's edge increased in volume as the landing party stumbled through the ruins. The marine next to Semmes gasped and fell to his knees with a shoulder wound. Semmes cursed under his breath, then signaled his men to fall back toward the howitzer position and lie prone.

The *Massachusetts* continued to blast at the concealed Indians in the woods, and Semmes had his howitzer crew fire canister when Haida snipers offered a fair target. Shooting from the timber and from the ruined village gradually tapered off under the double bombardment.

The lieutenant called a corporal and pointed toward ten Haida war canoes pulled up on the beach. They were narrow

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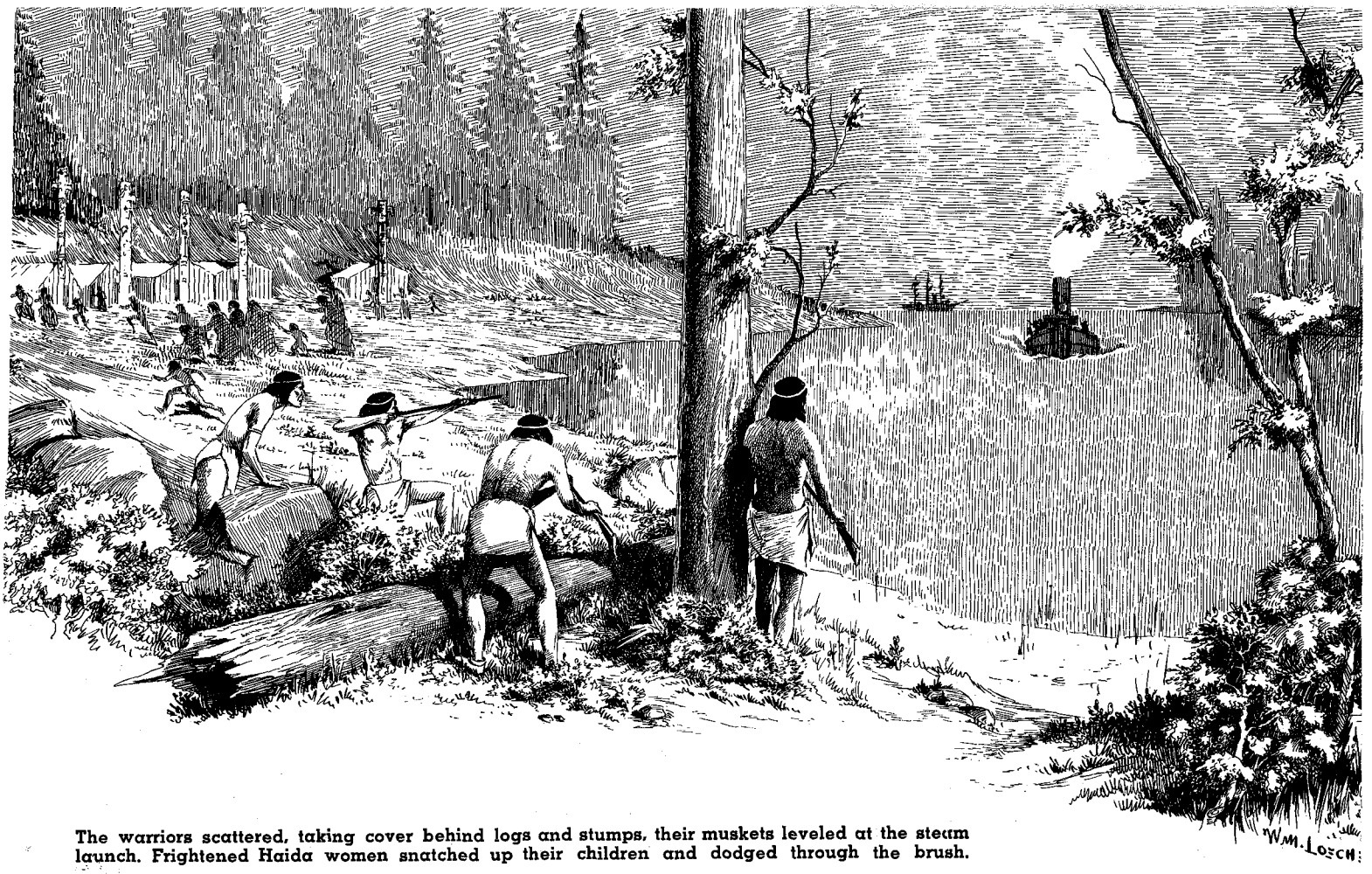

The warriors scattered, taking cover behind logs and stumps, their muskets leveled at the steam launch. Frightened Haida women snatched up their children and dodged through the brush.

and high-prowed, fifty to sixty feet long and without equal in speed and seaworthiness. Each one had been expertly carved from a single huge cedar log, and painted with fish oil and earth colors. "It's a damn shame to destroy those beautiful craft, but you'll have to do it or those redskins might make a getaway tonight."

The corporal had his squad splinter the bottom of each canoe with large rocks and gun butts. Howls of rage came from the timber, and the Indians concentrated their fire on the wrecking crew. A shrieking Haida woman rushed at the corporal with a knife and had to be bound hand and foot to keep her quiet. "Take her to the launch," Semmes ordered. "We may want to use her for a messenger."

A whistle blast from the *Massachusetts* called Semmes' attention to a signal hoist recalling his detachment to the ship. He loaded the howitzer, Gus Englebrecht's body, the Haida woman, and his troops in the launch and headed for the *Massachusetts,* speeded on his way by lead slugs and derisive hoots from the Haidas.

WHEN Lieutenant Semmes reported aboard, Captain Swartwout informed him that he had decided to lose no more men skirmishing with savages. He was going to give them one more chance to surrender, and if they still wanted to fight he'd blast them out of the woods one by one. "Yesterday, when I sent Lieutenant Young to tell them I'd tow their canoes, with all hands, back to Canada where they belong," the captain continued, "they just sneered at him and wouldn't let him land. I tried to get their chief aboard for a parley, but he wouldn't come—said they would stay right where they were as long as they damn well pleased."

"They're sure big fellows," Semmes commented, "and tough as grizzly bears. One of 'em cracked Englebrecht's skull like an egg, even after he'd been shot through the head."

"Yes, they're hunters, not fish Indians like these Puget Sound tribes. Most of 'em live in the Queen Charlotte Islands up on the British Columbia coast and some of 'em live in Alaska—when they're not raiding on the American side. Hudson's Bay Company keeps 'em well armed so they'll bring plenty of furs to their trading posts . . . . Now let's send that squaw ashore with my last offer."

Captain Swartwout had the interpreter explain to the Haida woman that she would be taken ashore to tell her chief that the *Massachusetts* would take the Indians to Vancouver Island with all of their gear except weapons, if they would surrender and promise never to come back across the United States boundary.

The launch took her across the bay to the sand spit and waited for a reply. Captain Swartwout's jaw tightened when the interpreter repeated the Haida's answer. "We will fight as long as one of us is alive!"

It was getting too dark for effective bombardment, so the captain called it off until morning and posted a double guard on both the *Massachusetts* and the *Traveller* to keep Haidas from boarding the ships during the night. "The bastards swim like seals," he remarked to Semmes.

Lieutenant Young drew the job of taking Gus Englebrecht's body ashore for burial. Captain J. P. Keller, Puget Mill Company's manager, gave him permission to bury the marine in the little cemetery on the hill above the sawmill settlement.

"How did these Indians happen to come in here?" Young inquired.

"They went down near Olympia, trying to catch a white man who murdered a Haida two years ago. They got into a fight and lost two men before your ship took after them. Then they ran in here because a bunch of their tribesmen live over at that Indian village we call New Boston; some Haidas and Stikeens who work in Ellis' logging camp."

"How many do you figure we're fighting, Captain Keller? I estimated about three hundred when they were firing at our lads today."

Keller grinned. "There's just one hundred and seventeen of 'em, not counting their women an' young 'uns, but one Haida can raise more hell than any five other Indians."

Lieutenant Young nodded. "Thanks for the information, Captain Keller, and for letting us leave Englebrecht here. He's the first United States Navy man to be killed in action on the Pacific coast."

AT sunrise the next morning, the *Massachusetts* opened fire again on New Boston and surrounding timber. The

(Continued on page 32)

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Hermit's Gold

By JIM ALLISON

COLORADO

Young Matt ran that lion

THE hair on the hound's back bristled. With a deep growl through bared fangs, the husky black-and-tan circled the freshly-killed doe, nosing the big cat tracks that were twice as large as his own.

Young Matt, arriving on the scene seconds later, read the story in the blood-spattered snow like a page in a book. Lion, he figured. A female, just jumped by the approach of the dog from her kill. Matt spoke to his excited hound, "That cat's close, Soldier. Go get her!"

The dog was off like a shot, his deep bass voice making the frosty air ring. Young Matt followed on foot as fast as his long legs would take him. Burdened with prospector's pack, blanket roll, and a Colt 38-40 six-shooter slung on a hip, he still managed to keep the hound in sight.

Most of his life, Matt Thompson had been a prospector and a mountain man. Raised on a homestead in the rugged Crestone Peak country, he knew every foot of the tall, cool Sangre de Cristos, located about seventy miles southwest of Pueblo, Colorado.

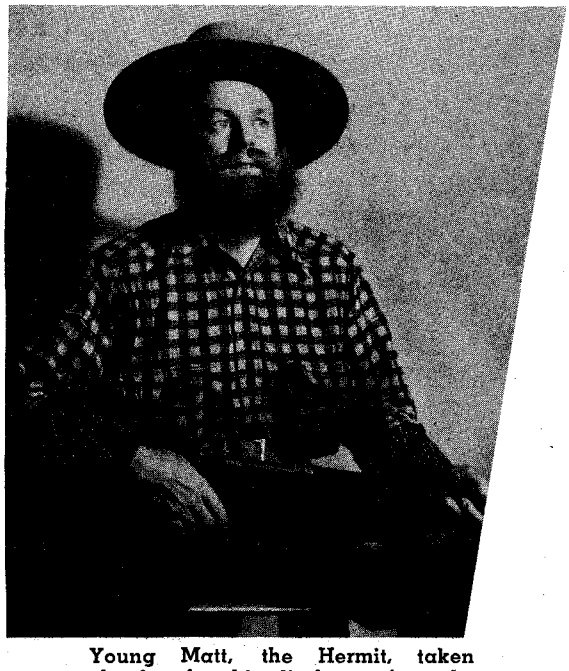
Although Matt was only twenty-five, he was already a confirmed hermit—always alone, except for Soldier, his dog, and Jarhead, his burro. Matt's folks had passed on while he was a cavalryman with the Rough Riders in the war with Spain.

Since a boy of twelve, Matt had held no fear of anything that walked, crawled, or flew. He had killed his first lion at the age of fifteen, when Soldier's sire, Old Timer, had treed one of the big cats in a brushy arroyo. Since that time, Matt had earned several thousand dollars in lion bounties paid by the State of Colorado and the *Denver Post*. He had many close calls, but none were as close or eventful as the one he was to experience this very day as he drove his lean frame up the timbered slopes of Crestone Peak in pursuit of the tawny lioness.

Soldier was raising a racket—cutting loose with a deep bay that was music to Matt's ears. Soldier was a lion hound—a well-trained animal that found little interest in any trail except one left by the big cinnamon-colored cats. Scars on Soldier's head and back told a story of one encounter he had had with a 200-pound cougar.

The trail led up Turkey Creek Canyon, so rough and twisted in places that one false step might send a man to eternity. Matt found it impossible to follow the creek bottom. The creek, about twenty feet wide between sheer granite walls, was frozen over in spots, and in places the water was waist deep. Matt found it rough going—as rough, he was sure, as anything south of Canon City in his beloved Sangre de Cristos.

ALL the rest of the day Matt followed his dog until dusk set in, making the going almost impossible up and down the ledges bordering the creek. Finally he came to a place where the canyon branched into a fork. There, Soldier lost the trail where the cat had crossed the creek. It was getting too dark to continue the hunt. With some difficulty Matt called the hound off the trail and prepared to lay out until morning. They were now well up on Crestone near timberline. Both man and dog were exhausted after the exciting seven-mile chase.

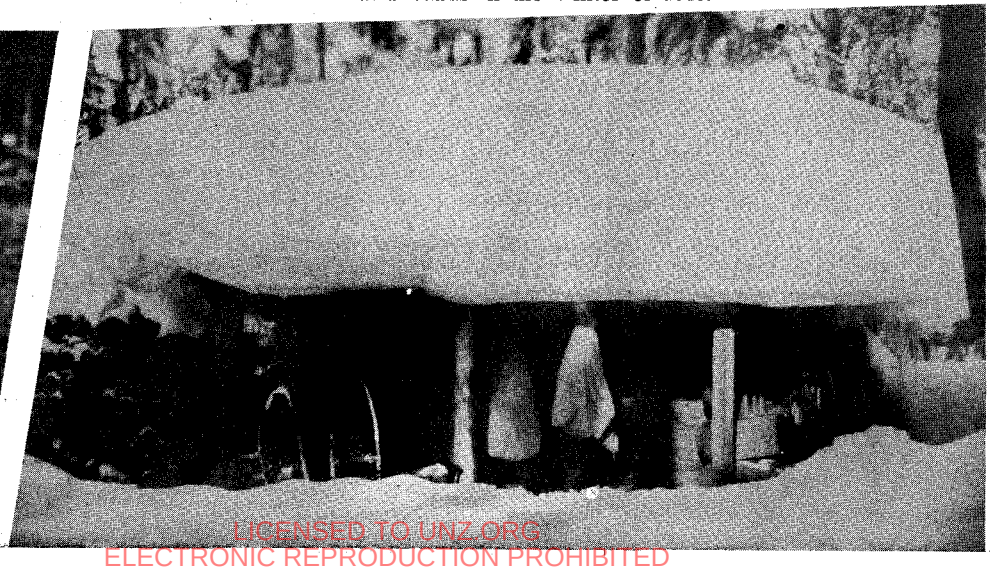


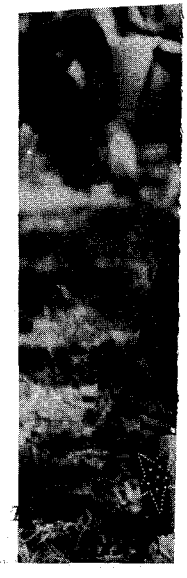
Young Matt, the Hermit, taken shortly after his discharge from the service in 1898.

Photos by the Author

Matt in a gayer mood, with three of his partners in the lion business.

Matt's cabin in the winter of 1948.





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hunt into a gold find that helped to make golden the rest of his years.

Matt shared his bacon and sourdough cakes with his dog. The coffee was hot, warming Matt's chilled bones in the frigid night. Dark skies gave promise of more snow, something Matt hoped would not happen, at least until they found the lion. Another layer of snow might cost him a lion bounty. Matt dropped off to sleep, waking only once to replenish his fire just before dawn.

The dawn broke clear and bright. There was no time for breakfast. Swallowing a tin of "walkin' coffee," Matt doused the dying embers of his camp fire with creek water, rolled his blanket, and hurriedly stowed gear in his pack. With a final check of his pistol, he called to the hound, "Let's go, Soldier. Pick up the trail!"

The pair crossed the creek, and the lion's tracks were soon found where the animal had made a crossing in one great leap. Soldier was working now with nose close to the ground on the cold trail. Another mile up the slopes of Crestone told Matt the cat was close—the hound had caught fresh scent and acted accordingly. With great leaping bounds, he took off on a dead run, baying eagerly.

The trail continued up a short ravine, well past timberline and ended at a sheer cliff rising some 500 feet from the canyon floor. The walls on either side of the ravine were just as steep. This had to be the end, thought Matt. Not even a lion could climb out of that dead end. He was right. There at the box-end was Soldier milling around in front of a cave set in the face of the cliff. Matt called to the hound, "Hey, boy, don't go in there—cornered cats are dynamite!"

MATT hurriedly unslung his pack, removing from it a candle, which he lit. Pulling his six-shooter from the holster, he dropped to his stomach and entered the cave. He had to crawl for some twenty feet. Then the cave became larger, and Matt was able to rise to hands and knees. Another ten feet back the cave was about four feet high, still not high enough to allow Matt to stand erect. A savage growl came from the depths of the cave. An instant later, Matt saw two eyes shining like live coals in the gloom.

Matt set the candle to one side and brought up his Colt. Pulling down on the two eyes with both hands wrapped around that black powder six-shooter, he squeezed the trigger . . . . The sound of the old shooting iron exploded through the cave like the roar of a cannon. Matt's ears rang. All hell broke loose.

The candle went out, and Matt felt something running over his back. Whatever it was, it felt like two. He lay there three or four minutes until his senses returned. He felt something warm and sticky on his left hand. He couldn't see a thing in the total darkness. Finally, summoning his courage, Matt reached in a pocket for a match. Relighting the candle, he took a look toward the back of the cave . . . there, on a slight rise, in the extreme end of the cave lay a dead female lion drilled between the eyes.

Matt dragged the big cat by the tail toward the cave's entrance—a mighty task. On reaching the light of day, he looked about to see if he could spot what had run over him when the candle went out.

He couldn't find Soldier anywhere. Down the ravine a ways he spied a cub lion in the top of a spruce tree. There under the spruce, with front feet propped against the trunk, was Soldier, snarling in rage. Another cub cougar was perched on a limb just above the hound, spitting in defiance at the growling dog. Matt took a bead on the lion lower down on the spruce, aiming just behind the shoulder. Holding the pistol with both hands, he touched it off. The lead slug went true to its mark, but the cat didn't fall; instead, it hung onto its perch, spitting at the hound and man below. Finally life faded from its body and it spilled to the ground.

Matt found it necessary to climb halfway up the spruce to get in range to shoot the other lion. This one dropped with a slug through its backbone just behind the shoulder blades. When Soldier made a dive for the writhing cat, Matt shouted sharply, "No, boy, no, come here! That cat'll chaw ya to pieces." Soldier retreated reluctantly to a safe distance while Matt put a "finisher" in the head of the snarling cat.

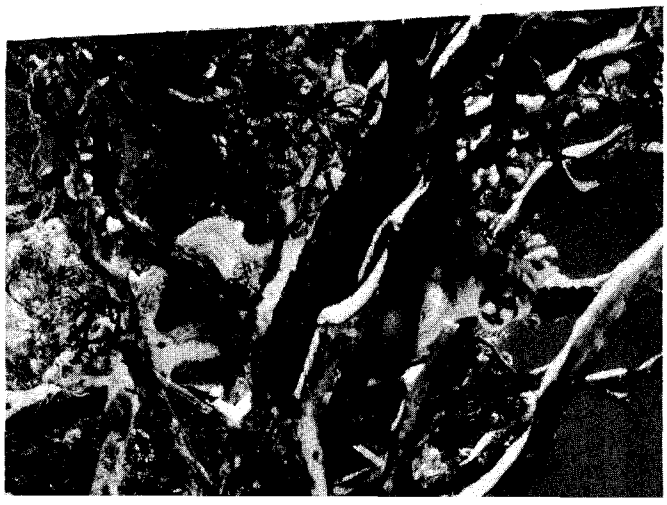
BY the time he had finished skinning out the three cats, it was too dark to start back to camp, ten miles down the mountain. Soldier and Matt stayed at the cave that night, and for the first time in their lives tried the taste of yearling lion steak. Soldier seemed to enjoy his.

Next morning, Matt entered the cave once more, breaking off samples of rotten quartz rock that he figured might have some gold content. He wrapped the ore samples in a red bandana, broke camp at the cave and started down the long trail towards home. It was late afternoon when the young hermit and his dog arrived on the lower slopes of Crestone. Matt immediately set to work crushing the ore samples, which he carefully panned out. Turning to Soldier, who had comfortably curled up by the old woodburner, Matt exclaimed happily, "Well, partner, this is it—what we've been a-lookin' for! It ain't rich stuff but good enough to keep us in grub money and plenty of lion loads for 'Betsy'."

Well, it's been over fifty years since my Uncle Matt staked out a claim up there on Crestone and built a snug log cabin just down the slope a short ways from the cave. All these years he's worked that claim from the middle of June until the snow flies in the fall. He's never taken out more than grub-money but, "I've had a good life, chuck-full of other golden things," he told me last summer as we stood

(Continued on following page)

Left: The Hermit in middle years. His eyes seemed to catch and follow the panorama of an eventful life. Center: A mountain lion like this one started young Matt Thompson on a trail that led to gold and glorious independence. Right: Old Matt, as he appears today sans beard. Lion hounds have been replaced by beagles and the old .38-.40 Colt by a .22 rifle. His step is still light and his eye still keen.



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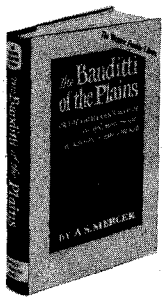

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Hermit's Gold

(Continued from preceding page)

near the cave under a giant spruce whose needle-clothed branches had once offered a perch for two lions.

"What things?" I asked.

Matt, the hermit, stood tall and gray, his warm blue eyes seeming to catch and follow the panorama of an eventful life. A smile turned up the corners of his mouth as he answered, "Well, son, to start off with—reckon that was golden fever instead of yeller fever that brought me up here to 'cuperate in the first place. Since then there's been golden sunsets like this one this evenin'—there's always been golden aspens in the fall . . . golden sourdough pancakes with golden fried bacon covered with golden maple syrup . . . and . . . well, anyhow, I've always figgered as how them things have been the real treasure find."

Cowboy Rides A Camel

(Continued from page 13)

turns we soon have him hoodooed. Smokey hangs a loop around his neck, which looks like a fence rail. He drags Smokey's pony right along like nobody's business when I come in and snare his hind toes and we stretch him out. We get him hogtied. Then the big fight starts to put a hackamore on him.

His long suit is to bite, and his neck is long enough to reach you in any direction. He is so old he is almost white. Must have been hatched in the year One, but all his teeth are there and plenty long. He gets ahold of Smokey's boot heel and hangs on till I lower the boom on him between the eyes with a doubled rope, and Smokey is telling him if he thinks he can wear his boots he has another think coming. We get him tied up the way we want him and let him up. We are like two little kids with our first pair of red top boots. We own a camel!

WE START for camp. It ain't all roses. Sometimes one of us is down, but most of the time all three are on the ground at once. But we drag him in and present him to Croppy for the night. Croppy is used to having bronc horses necked to him. He's just as salty as any man's camel. We hobble old "Humpy" and tie his neck down as close to Croppy's as we can. We let them have at it. Humpy grabs a mouthful of mule while Croppy counters with planting both hind feet in Humpy's mid-section. They both call it a draw and start feeding.

Two weeks later we put our camel in a corral and start looking for Bitter Creek Bill. But he's drifted with most of our tobacco and extra clothes. We don't worry, for we've landed old Humpy. I'm going to ride Mr. Camel right down the main street of Wollie Burg and show them waddies what we raise out in the sticks!

Next morning we get busy and build a chute to saddle old Humpy in. We have a lot of padding to do to make my kak fit his hump. We get it on and screwed down plenty tight and put my hackamore on his nose, so he can't bite. Smokey wants me to ride him with a bridle. All the pictures I've seen of camels show the sheiks have a noseband on them, and no sheik is gonna outclass me.

I climb up on the chute and fork him. He feels a long way from the ground, but I'm not backing up. I've got my angora chaps on and a pair of tripe hooks low on my heels.

Smokey opens the gate, and I ride out. Humpy starts down the way we brought him in. He has a far-away look in his eyes. I look back at Smokey. He is leaning against the gatepost wanting to cry and wishing he was in my place. Humpy is stepping out. But all too soon the picture changes. We come to the forks of the trail. Humpy wants to go North to the badlands; I want to go East to Wollie Burg. Right there I find out that infant has forgot all about me, so I reaches out and gets a short hold on my right rein to spin him around, but nothing doing. That neck is solid bone and no bend to it.

I sock one of my tripe hooks in his shoulder. He brings that head around and misses me. He would have bit his own tail off if his mouth hadn't been tied shut, but he is making good time in the opposite direction from the way I want to go, and I'm mad. I hang both spurs straight in, and that highbinder humps up and sticks his face out as though he had the lockjaw. I see my hackamore come apart and old Humpy is wild loose!

I take down my old seagrass, build a hole in it and pitch it over his head. Thought I would try choking him for a change, but when I start taking up slack, he reaches around and grabs a mouthful of chaps. When he breaks loose, he's got chaps, part of my top boot, and it feels like he's bit my shin bone in two, but I can still wiggle my toes. His hide is so thick and his hair so long on his neck we would've been across the badlands before I could of choked him down.

I build a loop in the other end of my rope and snare a front foot. I pull it against his belly and tie it hard and fast to the saddle horn. I change his gait so he hops around, but I'm not getting anywhere. I can't set up on a hump and starve to death, so I am ready to part company with Humpy. I paid fifty simoleons for that old kak he is wearing, and I'm going to take it with me.

Humpy makes a pass to bite the rope on his foot and gets his head tangled up with his hind legs. He turns over. I hear something break as I go flying through the air and bore a hole in the sand with my head. When I get the sand out of my eyes, what do I see but old Humpy going down the trail with his short paintbrush tail standing straight out and my saddle bumping along in the sand, tied to old Humpy's foot. The cinch has broke, and there I am plenty sorry for myself, hungry and thirsty and ten miles to walk through the sand to camp.

I cuss the world by sections and then start overland for camp. When I get to where I can smell smoke, I forget my troubles. I am close to coffee and chuck. When I limp in, Smokey doesn't have to ask what's the matter. He can see. But I beat him to it. I look down at half my boot top gone and laugh. Smokey folds up and kicks around to get air.

I put in a week, trailing in the badlands, looking for my kak, but old Humpy just fades away. He's never seen again.

I never do find my saddle.

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Truly Western

Oldtimers' Corral

Dear Norm:

When I was a boy in Amador County, California, all the gold mines on the Mother Lode were running full blast and they employed thousands of men in the mines. Thousands more worked in the woods, supplying the mines with timber. Logging teams hauled the loads, most of them ten or twelve horse or mule teams.

These teams were each handled with a single line from the rear wheel-horse bars. This was called a jerk-line. It was hooked into the near leader's bridle and ran through a jockey stick fastened to this horse's bridle; thence running across to the off leader's bridle.

Timbers had to be hauled about twenty to twenty-five miles, and that is where my father got into the game cutting and freighting timbers and lumber to the mines.

Here are the names of a few of the mines that ran clear across the county at Jackson. There was the Kennedy, which employed about 500 men and took out about $125,000 each month. The Argonaut took out about $75,000 a month. That was the average for most of the mines. Strung out across the county were the Zils, Eureka Lincoln, Gopher, Little Amador, Bunker Hill, Plymouth Consolidated, and several smaller mines. The Comstruck at Amador City took out around $60,000 a month. I want to relate an incident at this mine.

To get hold of this gold was a great temptation to the lawless element, of which there was quite a number. Stage hold-ups were frequent.

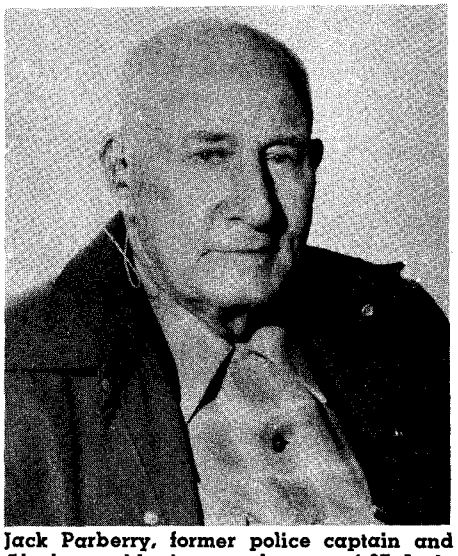
The monthly clean-up on the Comstruck was handled by a middle-aged man named Likens. Most of the gold was caught by the quick-silver method. It had to be run through a retort that evaporated the quicksilver and was made red-hot. The quicksilver was recovered. Space does not allow me to describe just how a retort works, but anyhow Likens was doing this work at night. He had his nephew with him, a boy about 16 years of age. Neither was armed in any way, which was very careless of them, as several murders had recently been committed in gold robberies in the county.

They were using a charcoal fire on the forge in the blacksmith's shack at midnight. Likens told his nephew to go down to Kennedy's Hotel to bring up their midnight lunch. The night was dark and, when the boy returned, he saw a man outside the shack. He thought it was his uncle, but when he went inside he found his uncle dead on the floor with his head bashed in.

The gold was in the retort, red-hot, and $60,000 worth of gold is quite a chunk to carry—especially when it is red-hot. So the murderer walked away without making a dollar for his crime. It was a wonder he didn't kill the boy, but no doubt he was scared off. Some men were being brought up out of the mine at the time, and he was probably afraid of being spotted.

About a month later a man named Big George was lynched near Plymouth for another cold-blooded murder. No doubt it was this man who murdered Likens. Likens' son was in the sheriff's office with me at Bellingham, Washington, in 1900.

Well, Norm, that's all for now. I was 87 on February 25. I sure like your magazine and have every issue bound in a binder—Jack Parberry, Route 1, Box 29, Scio, Oregon.



Jack Parberry, former police captain and Alaskan gold miner, at the age of 87. Jack, an ardent TRUE WEST fan, is still active on his farm at Scio, Oregon.

Editor, TRULY WESTERN:

Most folks nowadays think that the oldtime cowboy restricted his roping to cow critters, but such was not the case. We were so full of hell we'd smear a loop on anything that ran on four legs. All of which leads me to recount a story of the capture of a panther. Six of us punchers representing six different cattle owners were sent out to brand calves which were missed on the regular roundup. We had five or six saddle horses each, chuck wagon, bed-rolls, etc. All helped with the cooking. We hobbled our horses and took our time about wrangling horses in the morning.

When we started out, we were told by the cow men that panthers had been killing calves in the area in which we were to work, and to look out for the varmints and kill 'em. We were also told by an old fellow who ran a sort of zoo that if we could capture a panther without hurting him or crippling him that he would pay us $50. The panther would have to be delivered in a well-built crate and put on the train at the nearest railroad station. Now that sounded mighty good to us waddies who were only being paid $25 a month.

The area we were to work contained lots of mesquite brush and cats'-claw and an occasional cottonwood tree, and salt grass and sacaton which reached to our stirrups. For several days we failed to see any sign of panthers and had about given up hope of boosting our wages by capturing one of the beasts. We'd started out hoping to get one cat apiece in our month's labor in the area.

One day the foreman says, "Boys, tomorrow will be our last day's work, for there are no more calves to brand." Well, as is often the case after such a declaration, the next day was our big day. Early in the morning we struck a big unbranded calf, and in chasing him in that high grass we jumped a panther and a big one, too. He had made a kill and gorged himself and naturally he was a little logy.

Now it's quite a trick to rope a jumping, twisting panther when he is in tall grass. We planned on boogering him out to an open glade, which we eventually did, after wasting probably 100 loops. At last one of the boys snared him around the neck and one forefoot, a good hold. Then the ropes began piling on him thick and fast. He was shore a fightin' fool,. and he'd charge our horses tryin' to get those wicked claws into 'em. Providence alone, I reckon, protected us—the Providence that guards fools and cowboys.

After we got him stretched out, one of the boys got a mesquite limb about a foot long and slung it over the brute's head. He had his piggin string tied to each end of the stick and when the cat closed down on it with his jaws it was no trick at all to tie it with the string over his head. That was the biggest of our tasks. Like all cats, panthers are mighty handy with their claws and can rake a feller's britches off with just one rake. That's where a cowboy's piggin string comes in handy.

Soon we had the big cat trussed up and helpless. We then hooked up our team to the wagon, heaved him in, and hiked out to the nearest RR station some 20 miles away. We put the varmint in the bull pen back of the saloon, which was normally used for obstreperous cowboys when they got too full of firewater and went on the prod.

Everything being safe for the night, we proceeded to cook supper. After warming up with a few snorts, we rolled our beds out and invaded the barroom. Here we histed snort after snort till the wee small hours. When a puncher began to feel his liquor and wanted to fight, he was warned that unless he simmered down *pronto,* he'd he heaved into the pen with the panther for a bedmate. That took care of the situation, believe me.

The next morning a stout cage was made, and Mr. Killer was shoved in with his feet untied. Then a wire was sent to the zoo man to send our 50 bucks at once or the saloonkeeper would hold our wagon and team and bedding until last night's orgy was fully paid. The train came in, picked up the cat, and sped on its way. Soon our $50 arrived by wire and last night's bill was paid and we all broke about even, which was better than we expected. Only the barkeep was ahead—but it sure was lots of fun. Nobody considered the money wasted, for

(Continued on page 39)

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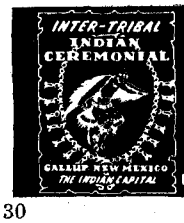

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Camelus Americana

(Continued from page 12)

thing the Army had ever seen, and mule skinners turned camel teamsters were as awkward as puss in boots. It is indeed regrettable that no Bill Mauldin was present to leave us graphic records of the cameliers' vicissitudes and the wisecracks of more fortunate soldiers still on routine duty.

A CAMEL kneels to be packed. Major Wayne proved that the beast could rise and walk away with three quarters of a ton. That load was not for extended distances, but even on long cross-country hikes a camel could easily carry twice the normal load of a mule, and its long, easy strides covered twice the distance in a day's march. The wagon ratio was equally as good. An unexpectedly dry water hole at the end of a long day's march could spell near-disaster for a mule train. The camels merely complained a little more than usual, then forgot about water for another hot twenty-four hours. It cost no more to feed a camel than a mule and, in grazing, camels could survive on rank and thorny vegetation which a mule would not touch. So in due time, camel pack trains and wagon trains began to move regularly from Camp Verde to Indianola and to San Antonio. Despite the ribaldry and open antagonism of rancher and cowboy, success seemed assured. The initiative of Colonel Crossman, the faith and hard work of Major Wayne, the insistence of Secretary of War Jefferson Davis and the liberality of Congress, all were being justified — at least, in the matter of transportation.

Along with these highly promising developments, separate experiments were started in the combat phase to develop the fighting man mounted on a light, swift-racing camel, or, more specifically, a dromedary. This was planned to follow pure Cavalry tactics and technique and, so far, most of the established facts and all of the theories favored the camel. He had the same advantages over the horse as over the mule. Faster, especially over extended distances, far greater endurance, less dependence on water holes and a better "keeper" on poor grazing. Now add other advantages. Rifle fire from horseback had never been very effective. A lone horseman on a well-trained mount may squeeze off a few aimed shots, but horses in a group will not stand quiet enough for accurate marksmanship after the first shot is fired. Opposed to this, the stolid camel remains quite unperturbed by rifle fire, giving the marksman a stable gun platform. Also, until well accustomed to them, both horses and mules have an instinctive and frantic fear of the smell and sight of camels. While this aroused great animosity among local horsemen and teamsters, it could be turned into a valuable asset. It was logically reasoned that along the western trails small detachments of cameis would demoralize the largest bands of hostile Indians, mounted, as they were, on their half-wild ponies.

These were undoubted advantages, but all was not smooth sailing aboard the ships of the desert. There were both physical and psychological handicaps, and the latter contributed mightily to the former. . . . Consider the Cavalryman and his horse. They soon become a close-knit unit, moving as one in perfect unison. Each learns to sense the feelings of the other, to anticipate his actions. The horse is alert. He enters into the spirit of adventure and achievement along with his master, giving freely of himself. There is mutual trust, respect, understanding, and love between them. No such relationship exists between the camel and his master. The camel is docile, but his docility is born of dumbness. He obeys, but with reluctance and complaining. He cooperates entirely without enthusiasm and shows no attachment to his master. Definitely, at least to the Occidental mind, the camel is not a lovable beast.

THE camel is far from pleasant riding, even at a walk. Nevertheless, military evolutions were performed successfully at that gait. At the trot, or pace, trouble began. Many men could never learn to stay aboard, and among them were some of the best horsemen. Most of those who did manage it soon became deathly "seasick" from the swaying motion. Reduced to helpless passengers without control, pulling leather to stay on, they were unable to manage their animals or use their weapons. A few times the gallop was attempted and inevitably ended in disaster. The reason for all this was simple. A trained horseman, when the going is rough, grips his mount with his lower leg, bringing pressure well down below the curve of the horse's barrel. Every movement then tends to pull him tighter into the saddle. But camels have greater depth of barrel and the saddle sits farther to the rear, where the animal's ribs are wider sprung. So it is quite impossible for a man's legs to reach below the curve of a camel's barrel, and when the rider instinctively grips with his legs, the point of pressure is above the curve and all movements force him out of the saddle. Now, the best of Cavalrymen are bound to take spills, and there is no disgrace in a fall, *per se,* for legitimate reasons are legion. But to be bounced off merely because an animal increases its gait is reaching the height of ignominy. Yet exactly that was happening. Hard-bitten troopers, long committed to the ancient Cavalry boast that they could ride anything with hair on it, were rolling in the dust. Usually flesh and bone could take it, but dignity could not. Crestfallen line troopers reverted to pack and harness soldiers and the Desert Camel Corps died a-borning. No doubt another attempt would have been made later under more favorable conditions, but momentous events intervened.

While these preliminaries were in progress, Nature took its course and the camels cooperated heartily in the program of expansion. Natural increases in the herd made further importations unnecessary. Concentrating now exclusively on freighting, the great push westward began. California was booming. The first gold rush had poured mightily through Fort Laramie, but now the more southern route through Santa Fe was proving its true worth. Its arid deserts were less a hazard than the northern mountain passes, which often were choked with snow for long months. Army posts were being strung along the southern route, and from post to post the camels worked their way to-

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ward the distant Pacific. Inevitably their coming caused consternation. Horses and mules promptly stampeded at their approach. Pack mules scattered to the four winds, strewing broken equipage over desert sands. Draft animals ripped their harness and wrecked their wagons. Saddle horses took off in frantic flight, with or without their riders. In settlement, army post, or passing wagon train, their coming brought pandemonium. Even when no camel was yet visible, a change of wind bringing in their scent was sufficient to set off a reign of terror.

UNWELCOME though they were, by 1860 camel trains were freighting army supplies regularly and successfully all the way from San Antonio to Fort Drum at Los Angeles. A few animals were stationed at posts along the route as replacements for the through trains and also for local use. These posts had no trained personnel nor any desire to develop it; the camels were almost never used and became a nuisance. Many were allowed (perhaps assisted) to wander off into desert wilds.

Yet the idea was gradually taking hold. Lieutenant Edward Fitzgerald Beal, later to become a Brigadier General and Ambassador to Austria, used some of Wayne's camels on a difficult mapping expedition along the Colorado River. He was able to reconcile differences of opinion between *Camelus* and *Equidae,* and gave enthusiastic reports of the former. He found them even more sure-footed than mules on hazardous mountain trails, as their padded feet clung to sloping rock where the mule's shod hoofs would not take hold. They made the vast, waterless mesas more accessible to him and, strangely, down along the river they proved bold and powerful swimmers . . . .

In San Francisco, the Camel Importing Company was organized. It brought in twenty Bactrains, with the intention of freighting for the Nevada silver mines. This enterprising outfit encountered all the Army's earlier difficulties but did not have the Army's authority to override opposition. Mining camps denied it the use of their streets; competitive freighters filed damage suits for causing stampedes along the trails. Several shootings occurred and the project was abandoned . . . .

In 1858, a Mrs. Watson, an English businesswoman, brought a private shipment of camels into the Port of Galveston, offering them for sale. They aroused great interest, but she found no buyers. Governor Lubbock of Texas gallantly came to the aid of a lady in distress, offering her free pasturage on his own ranch. Lubbock's mêmoirs record that while there a number of the animals were lost in quicksands. The fate of the rest is uncertain.

"You boys will have to go without me. My wife's washing my handkerchief today."

Weighing these successes and failures, it seems probable that, if given a few more years, the camels would have firmly established themselves as an integral part of transportation in the Southwest, becoming to freighting what the Pony Express became to the mails. Of course, their days were numbered, in any case, for their usefulness would have ended along with the demise of the mule trains, when iron rails began to span the continent. Their probable ultimate usefulness must forever remain debatable, for the experiment came to a sudden end in the major cataclysm of the War between the States.

The outbreak of the War shook the Regular Army to its foundations. High commanders and lowly privates alike, whose sympathies lay with the Confederacy, took leave of their stations. Some tendered their resignations, others didn't bother to. Among the former was Major Wayne, who returned to his native State of Georgia. Union loyalists at Southern posts headed northward while the going was good. Camp Verde and many of the more western posts were practically deserted. Then Confederate troops garrisoned Verde, but no one had time to bother with camels. The animals wandered as they pleased; being independent critters, caring for neither stars-and stripes nor stars-and-bars, many of them preferred the wide open spaces, where packs and harness did not exist. After the War when Union troops again occupied Verde, forty-four camels were rounded up. These were sold at $31.00 per head to a Colonel Bethel Coopwood, who resold them to zoos and road shows. The few animals at the scattered posts along the western trail had mostly disappeared, and those remaining were transferred to Fort Drum.

It was with this herd at Los Angeles that Hi Jolly reappears after the War. Here, one Sam McLaughlin, a Scotch-French Canadian, bought the Fort Drum herd and, in defiance of public threats, proposed to establish a freight line to Virginia City. Arriving with his animals at Yuma, Arizona, McLaughlin died of a heart attack, leaving his camels on the hands of the highly unreceptive city fathers. The town officials pastured the herd outside of Virginia City, holding it against claims of possible heirs and creditors. Time ran on. There were no claims and soon no camels. For over twenty years thereafter "wild" camels were fairly plentiful in the remote fastnesses of Arizona and Sonora.

WHY was it that after the War the U. S. Government did not reestablish its camel trains? The need for them still existed. No adequate answer appears of record, but word-of-mouth legend offers one possible explanation. In the old Horse Cavalry, now gone into history to join its knight-in-armor ancestors, the writer has heard tales of the camels still drifting around picket lines and camp fires. According to one such story, the first year of the long, hard marches through the rocky and normally arid Southwest happened to be a year of abnormal rainfall. The ground was relatively soft, and the camels came

(Continued on following page)

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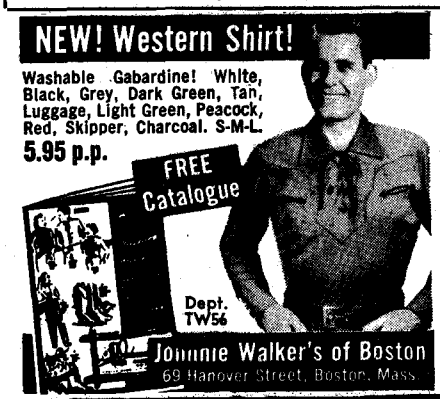

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Camelus Americana

(Continued from preceding page)

through nobly. Since they were desert creatures, it was argued that they should do even better in the bone-dry weather habitual to that country. But when dry weather returned, the camels went lame on the stony ground, so different from the soft sands of their own native deserts. And, since camels cannot be shod, the experiment ended in failure . . . .

That was the accepted story, but we must hasten to add that the written record does not substantiate that theory. It is far more likely that the actual performance of the animals had little to do with discontinuing the camel trains. Probably the true reason that the project was not revived lies in the wave of economy which follows every war; in the lamentable tendency of our democracy ruthlessly to wreck its military establishment once it has served its immediate purpose.

IN the natural course of human events, legend precedes authentic history. In the story of the camels this order is reversed. We now must pass from usually well-documented evidence into a twilight zone of legend and folklore. The twilight fades, and even yet no man can say it has entirely vanished. We know that "wild" camels worked their way into Kansas and the Dakotas. Buffalo hunters, mostly unlettered plainsmen, brought in weird stories of huge, grotesque animals, swifter than any horse, the like of which they had never heard. The tales and descriptions were wildly conflicting but so persistent that Eastern scientists concluded the strange beasts must be surviving remnants of a supposedly prehistoric species. It is said that one famous institution actually organized an expedition to collect these unknown specimens, but discovered the camel's true identity just in time to save itself a very red face and no little expense. Later, the wild camel became quite well known throughout the western plains and arid mountains. He was seldom hunted, as more desirable and less elusive game was abundant. Perhaps lone prospectors captured and used an occasional animal and found him superior to the ubiquitous burro. There is a story of a camel being shot, with bags of gold and part of a man's skeleton still strapped to the saddle . . . . Under date of September 26th, 1879, the *Phoenix Expositor* reported, "Those pestiferous camels are again running wild along the banks of the Gila." And two years later the *Prescott Democrat* said, "A capture of wild camels has at last been made by Indians in the vicinity of Gila Bend." These last were sold to an Egyptian, Al Zel, who shipped and resold them to menageries. Early in the 90's, Joe Porterie, of Phoenix, returning from a hunting expedition, reported a herd in the Harqua-Hala Mountains. The next year an old cow was captured, presumably from the same herd, and became an attraction at a Phoenix saloon. Kept in the yard behind the building, she would pop her grotesque head through a rear window at unexpected times, and caused many an inebriated drinker to take the pledge forthwith. In 1903 the *San Antonio Express* reported an old camel in a traveling carnival, still bearing the "U.S." neck brand. Farrish's *History of Arizona* records, but does not confirm, a report of several camels being sighted by a survey party along the Baboquivari as late as 1913. . .

Thus ends the record of reasonably reliable reporting, so far as this writer can ascertain. Perhaps we should write *finis* to the story by mentioning that a mounted skeleton of one of the Army's camels is now in the National Museum at Washington. But it may not yet be the end of the trail. Who can say for sure that the story has really ended? Since the Farrish report of 1913, vague tales still occasionally drift in. They have come from the Delta of the Colorado, the wastelands of Lower California, the arid mountains of Sonora and Chihuahua. They are tales that may mean wild camels still roam the remoter fastnesses. The camel is a hardy beast, long of life, highly adaptable and fairly prolific. It is entirely possible that the far-ranging hunter of today might still encounter a surviving remnant. . . . But to be believed, he would have to bring in something more tangible than a verbal story of the one that got away.

Head-Hunting Was Their Hobby

(Continued from page 25)

answering rifle fire slackened off as the forenoon advanced, and Captain Swartwout ordered the guns silenced just before ten o'clock, when a lone Haida stalked toward the beach with a white rag on a pole. Lieutenant Young, with the interpreter and twelve marines, took the launch and approached the sand spit.

"He say they stop fighting now," the interpreter told Young. "They got no more food, an' women an' children he too much hungry."

"Tell him to have them all come down to the beach without any weapons," Lieutenant Young ordered. "We'll feed them and take them to Vancouver Island."

It was almost dark when the launch brought the last load of bedraggled Haidas alongside the *Massachusetts*. Only ninety men were counted, twenty-one of them so badly wounded that they had to be hoisted aboard on stretchers. They told Captain Swartwout that they had hastily buried twenty-seven bodies, and that one of the dead was their chief —with both legs broken and a shell splinter in his skull.

A messenger was sent with a note of thanks to Captain Parker on the *Traveller*, telling him that no further help would be needed. The little sixty-foot steamer chugged off into Hood Canal on her delayed trading trip, while the *Massachusetts* weighed anchor and headed across the Juan de Fuca Strait for Canadian territory.

The deportees were landed on the dock at Victoria early the next morning. As the *Massachusetts* cast off, they shook their fists and howled defiant epithets. "What's all the yapping about?" Captain Swartwout asked the interpreter.

"They say they come back our side some time," explained the Clallam. "Kill plenty Boston men an' cut off heads. One, he gotta be big tyee like Haida chief you kill along Teekalet."

"They may come back and beat up some of these Siwashes around Puget Sound," Captain Swartwout remarked

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to a midshipman, "but that head-hunting business is probably bluff."

"I'm not so sure, sir," replied the midshipman. "On the way over, I was talking with one of the Haidas who picked up a little English from traders. He told me that when a Haida or a Stikeen is killed, they never give up until they even the score. A couple of them were killed down here two years ago, and when the news got back to their villages, they sent four of their twenty-paddle war canoes down to Bellingham Bay. They caught two white miners and took their heads back north."

"You mean scalps, don't you, mister?"

"No, sir. Heads! They smoke them so they'll keep. Stick them on poles and dance around them when they have a powwow."

"Well, they won't get mine, mister. I understand this ship's going to be ordered back to San Francisco Bay."

NEWS of the Teekalet battle spread around Puget Sound like wildfire. White settlers cleaned their guns and laid in extra supplies of ammunition. Those who lived near the water trained their dogs to attack anything that moved at night. A few sold out and moved inland, certain that the Haidas and Stikeens would kill every paleface on tidewater if they got help from local Indians.

The head-hunting threat, made on the Victoria dock, passed from town to town. Dozens of log blockhouses were thrown up, some surrounded by palisades, and with bastions at the corners in which carronades and swivel guns were mounted.

Exactly one month after the battle of Teekalet, the Haidas were back for Yankee blood. Sixty warriors scudded across Haro Strait to San Juan Island, where they concealed their scouting by trading furs for food and trinkets. What they actually were shopping for was heads, and particularly the head of a Boston tyee, to avenge the chief killed at Teekalet.

The Indians chose the U. S. Customs Inspector on San Juan Island for this honor, but he was tipped off and escaped. Before they could make a second choice, the *Massachusetts* hove in sight of the island with her gun ports open, and the Haidas hit for home. Their war canoes could outrun any sailing vessel on Puget Sound, but they weren't going to play tag with the *Massachusetts* or with the *John Hancock,* another Navy steamer sent to patrol these waters.

When those two vessels were sent to San Francisco Bay in the summer of 1857, the northern Indians whooped with delight and reached for their war paint. On August 11, two hundred Haidas and Stikeens landed on Whidbey Island, forty miles south of the Canadian boundary. Nervous settlers were slightly less alarmed when they saw women in the big canoes. "You think they're looking for trouble?" they asked local Indians.

"Haidas always looking for trouble," the Siwashes assured them.

The invaders quietly scouted the island for a white chief with an attractive head, and picked out Dr. J. C. Kellog, because he always wore a stovepipe hat. The doctor didn't favor decapitation, however, and skipped out for Port Townsend, leaving the Indians on the prowl for another candidate.

The first prosperous-looking place they found was The Cabins, a big water front farm owned by Colonel Isaac N. Ebey. The colonel, one of the Northwest's leading politicians, had been Collector of Customs for the Puget Sound District and was Prosecuting Attorney for the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory. A few Haidas cased The Cabins while the others pretended to be violently interested in a big gambling game on the beach.

TWO Indians stalked up to the house and asked Ebey to lend them tools and help them repair a canoe, planning to get him alone so their job would be easy. Ebey had never had trouble with Indians and didn't suspect their purpose, but refused to go because he had house guests.

The Haidas then found a farm hand, Thomas Hastie, cradling oats in a field near Ebey's house. They pointed out the colonel and asked Hastie if he were a big tyee. "You bet he's a chief," Hastie bragged "He's the head man on this island."

At one o'clock the next morning Ebey's dog barked frantically, awakening the entire family. Mrs. Ebey got her three small children out of bed. The guests, U.S. Marshal George Corliss and his wife, called to Colonel Ebey, but he had gone outside to investigate. He wasn't armed; there wasn't a gun in the house.

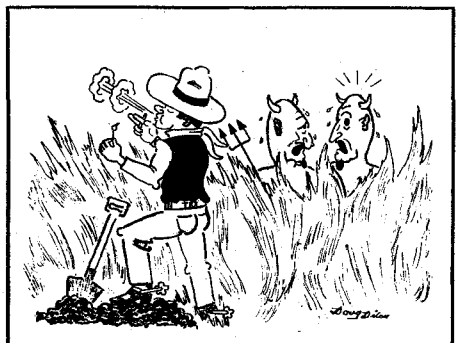
Corliss heard two shots and saw Ebey running around the house toward his bedroom window, bleeding from a head wound. The Haidas shot him twice more when he ran back toward the porch. The family and guests leaped out the bedroom window and ran to a neighbor's place for help. Only one shot followed them, the Haidas being intent on ransacking the house and wrecking the furniture.

Several nearby settlers heard the shooting and came running with their guns, to find the Indians gone and The Cabins a horrible shambles. Near the porch was Colonel Ebey's body—minus the head.

The Haidas made a swift getaway, traveling only at night and hiding during the day in dense timber which grew down to tidewater. During the first day they hid out on Smith Island in the Juan de Fuca Strait, where they skinned out their ghastly trophy and buried the skull.

All hell broke loose when news of the raid reached the settlers. Seven wandering Haidas were grabbed near Port Townsend and put in irons as hostages. Citizens threatened to hang them

(Continued on following page)



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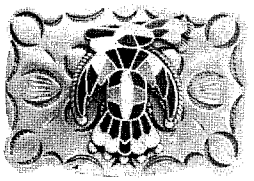

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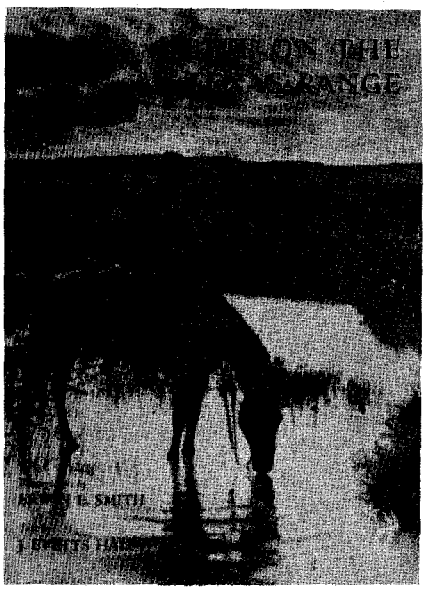

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Head-Hunting Was Their Hobby

(Continued from preceding page)

unless Colonel Ebey's murderers were caught. Several ships took out after the raiders, but the trail was too cold. The Army couldn't help, because the Indians had escaped into Canadian territory.

Local newspapers shrieked to high heaven and demanded Indian blood and lots of it. They declared that the Haidas were not only professional murderers, but that they held over two thousand slaves captured from other tribes. Also the papers reprinted the story of twenty-two white miners who were enslaved by Haidas in 1851 when their ship, the *Georgiana*, was wrecked in the Queen Charlotte Islands.

The Army was bombarded with demands for protection, but when troops were sent to the settlements, the jittery pioneers decided that they'd rather have Indians around than drunken soldiers. The Washington Territorial legislature passed emergency laws against trading with Haidas or employing them. Ebey's farm was abandoned, and what little furniture remained from the raid was removed.

IN the fall of 1858, Hudson's Bay Company sent its heavily-armed steamship *Beaver* to trade for furs in southeastern Alaska. At a Stikeen Indian village on Kuiu Island, Chief Trader Charles Dodd picked up a startling news item and rushed to the ship's skipper. "Captain Swanston, you remember some of these Indians killed Colonel Ebey on Whidbey Island last year and took his head? Well, that head's right here in this bloody village."

The captain armed all hands, then sent word to the village that he wanted the colonel's head. His message stirred up the Indians like a rock thrown into a hornets' nest, and four canoes full of warriors swarmed out to surround the *Beaver*.

The ship was cleared for action and her guns were run out. Ten Stikeens who boarded her found themselves looking into pistol barrels, and jumped overboard. Captain Swanston shouted that he'd sink their canoes with all hands if they didn't pull away. After sizing up the ship's armament, the Indians calmed down and trading was resumed. When the *Beaver* steamed off, she had several nice bundles of furs, but Colonel Ebey's head remained in the village—hanging in the lodge of a Stikeen whose brother had been killed at Teekalet.

Chief Trader Dodd vowed that no white man's head should remain in the hands of Indians, and when he returned to Alaska the following year in the trading steamer *Labouchere*, he had the skipper anchor off the same Stikeen village. The Indians had plenty of furs, but Dodd refused to buy them until the matter of Ebey's head had been settled. After a long and violent argument, with threats made by both the Indians and the trader, Dodd bought the head for six blankets, three pipes, six heads of tobacco, one fathom of cotton cloth, and one cotton handkerchief. It had been smoked and carefully preserved with the scalp, hair, and ears intact.

When Dodd got back to Victoria, he turned the head over to Alonzo Poe, a friend of Ebey's, who delivered it to the colonel's widow on Whidbey Island. It was buried with Colonel Ebey's remains, three years after that unsuspecting friend of the redskins had been slaughtered so that a Haida chief could rest quietly in his grave at Teekalet.

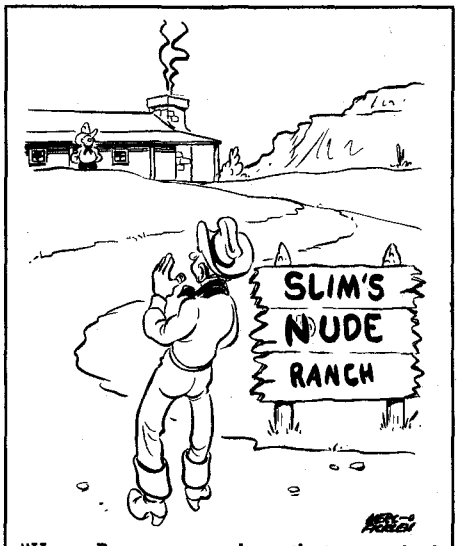
The northern Indians were surprised when no warship came to punish them for the Whidbey Island murder. In their code, that meant that the whites were cowards, and they planned a real Grade-A-raid on Puget Sound shipping.

ON January 25, 1859, the schooners *Blue Wing* and *Ellen Maria* sailed from Steilacoom, Washington Territory, carrying freight and passengers for Port Townsend. Settlers sighted the schooners as they passed the north end of Vashon Island, but neither vessel reached Port Townsend, although they were quite seaworthy and there had been no bad weather. They simply disappeared without leaving a trace of wreckage and with no witness to their destruction. Haida canoes which had been seen in the vicinity disappeared at the same time.

Homesteaders on the south end of Whidbey Island pointed to masts protruding from the shallow waters of Maxwelton Slough. "That's the *Blue Wing*," they insisted. "Her crew was murdered and she was stripped and scuttled here by Haidas." The wreck disintegrated before it could be explored, and nobody had any actual proof that Haidas waylaid and destroyed either the *Blue Wing* or the *Ellen Maria*.

Puget Sound hotheads threatened to invade Canada with a heavily armed marine posse to wipe out the Haidas unless navy vessels were sent to patrol Northwest waters. Fearing international complications, the government ordered the *Massachusetts* back to Puget Sound. The raids ceased abruptly, although northern Indians still came south in season to pick hops in the Puyallup valley and to bully peaceful Puget Sound Indians who worked on the same ranches.

Although the Haidas brought their women with them and left their muskets and war clubs at home, oldtimers remained skeptical. "Mebbe they're women an' mebbe they ain't," an aging pioneer snarled. "Some of 'em used to dress like squaws to fool us when they come a-raiding. They was ten Injuns to every white man in them days. It's t'other way around now, but I'm still scared of the bastards."



"Hey, Boss, remember that practical joker that checked out last night?"

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A Ranch on the Nueces

(Continued from page 21)

thigh, barely bringing blood. The whole pack, leaving their horses on the far side, plunged back to hunt down the man they had missed. The stream carried them downward, and they had considerable difficulty clambering up the high bank.

Meanwhile, according to his plan, Jim ran upstream under cover, jumped in, swam across, and, still under cover, ran down to the horses. He had no difficulty catching his dun, which carried not only his saddle but the scabbarded rifle. It was loaded. He gave the other horses a scare and started down the creek, keeping close to cover. He realized, however, that within a short time the Indians would be back on their horses trailing him. After he had galloped maybe two miles he discovered that he was at a slough roughly paralleling the Nueces River. The Nueces makes a big bend in this region, and he was much nearer it than he had supposed. The slough was wide but deep only in the middle. He rode up it in knee-deep water for several hundred yards, leaving no tracks. Then he swam across it and followed a shallow arm of water into flat country. He stopped in a *motte* of trees and *granjeno* brush, satisfied that he and his trail were both well concealed. He stayed there all day without seeing a horseman. Once only he heard a yell away off across the slough.

HE found that all his ammunition had been removed from the *morral,* but a few water-soaked soda crackers were still in it. They tasted good. During the day he had located an island of grass near the *motte,* and at night he and the coyote dun camped on it, the horse faring superbly. By now, all ideas of prospecting farther for a ranch left him. He was restless to get back to what was left of Wallace, near the creek crossing. At daylight he rode. The world seemed so empty that when he came upon the tracks of his enemies they made a kind of human association. The creek had run down enough that it was no longer swimming.

He carried his brother's body to the head of a gully, wrapped his own shirt around the head, and spent almost the whole day digging dirt with his pocketknife to cover the body. Then he carried drift-logs from the creek to hold the dirt down.

When he was through, he noticed three buzzards in a dead tree down the creek a distance from where the Indians had swum it. The tree might be their regular roost, but curiosity took him to it. At its base was a mound of drift, in which a patch of red caught his eye. After he had yanked out a few sticks, the patch expanded into a bandana. It was still around Hess's head. The current, probably aided by a drifting log, had carried Hess under into the tangle of drift. The only care Jim gave Hess's body was to remove Wallace's money belt from it.

He had meant to kill meat that evening, but now the light was too dim for shooting. He got under a tree. It rained again, just enough to keep him wet through the night. He was really getting hungry now—and the coyote dun was feasting on mesquite grass. Clear, warm sunshine next morning seemed a special benediction from on high. As the sun came up, Jim heard gobbling. When he stepped out cautiously, he saw two big old gobblers making passes at each other while other gobblers circled around them. The sheen on their feathers was wonderful. He aimed his rifle, pulled the trigger, and had meat. The fact that he did not have a dry match did not keep him from enjoying and assimilating while he swallowed several pounds of prime turkey.

His only course now was to get to fire and food. He rode to the river. It was on an immense rise. He knew that if he went down it far enough he would reach people. An idea came to him. Had he had more experience, he would have rejected any idea that parted him from his horse, but he was still, in a way, a young greenhorn. He unsaddled, hobbled the horse, hid saddle and money belts, lashed some drift-logs together with his rope, tied his rifle to one of the logs, and with a pole to steer with, shoved off into the current. It carried the raft rapidly, but every once in a while eddies or treetops along the sides of the river slowed down the voyage.

AFTER Jim had been on the river maybe two hours, the raft made a lunge against the inside bank of a sharp curve. Some of the crooked logs had already worked loose in the roping. As they hit the bank, they twisted apart and, almost instantly, with his rifle gone on down the river, Jim was left holding to a root growing out of the bluff. He pulled himself up until he got his elbows on the ground and then swung free.

After his breathing became normal, he walked out for a view. He thought he had never seen a more beautiful sweep of country than the land in and beyond the bend of the Nueces. While he watched some deer graze, they lifted their tails and bounded away and then he saw what had disturbed them—a man on horseback. He carried himself like a white man. Jim yelled and waved his hat. The man approached to within about two hundred yards and then, ready to shoot, waved for Jim to come to him.

He proved to be the owner of a ranch five or six miles away. He was looking for a horse that he suspected of having taken up with the mustangs. He would have impressed anybody as a man to be trusted. He carried Jim home with him, and there Jim ate and slept for two days. Lending him a horse and saddle, the rancher rode with him to recover his outfit and the ten thousand dollars in two money belts.

Jim Ray had no need to prospect farther. He had found the ideal location for a ranch. The rancher informed him that it was state land, subject to sale or homesteading. He bought horses, a wagon, lumber, provisions, tools and other necessities, hired Mexican help and built a house on the bluff. He bought land scrip, then for sale cheap, and had several sections surveyed out from the riverbank. He had been gone from home nearly two years by the time he got stock branded and well located on the range.

Then he went back to Alabama to marry a girl supposed to be waiting for him. He had not written. She had not waited. He knew that a dun horse with a line down his back and two or three faithful Mexicans were waiting for him back on the Nueces. He returned to them, and in time the Ray ranch, fenced in by barbed wire, became well known.

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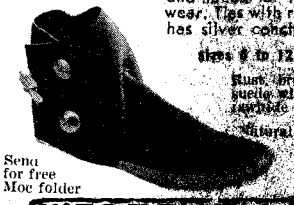

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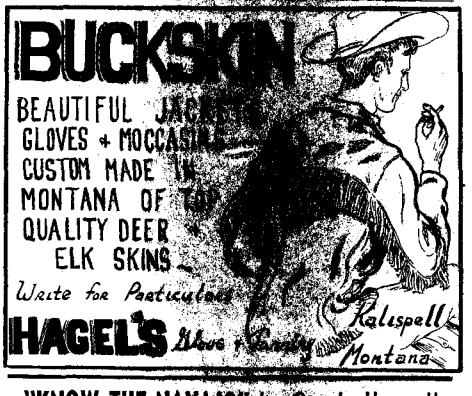

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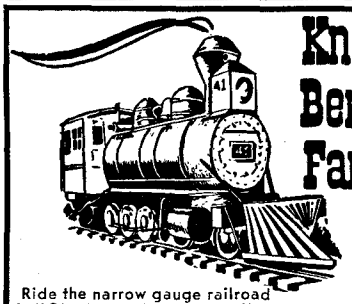

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The Last Roundup

(Continued from page 9)

in the shipment of horses was George Miller's personal mount, and when Floridians saw him on horseback there were no longer any skeptics as to the ability of the Millers to swing this transaction.

The horse was "Pedro," a piebald, strangely striped black-and-white, with pink eyerims and a leonine flowing mane. More impressive still was the saddle. Made of hand-carved leather, with a fancy pommel, set off with silver and gold trimmings and sparkling with 246 diamonds and rubies, the saddle had obviously cost thousands of dollars.

Empty cattle cars began to roll into Florida towns—Old Town, Clara, Cross City, Hines and Pineland—and were uncoupled. (It had been necessary for George Miller to post a cash deposit with the railroad company to get his order for 700 empty cattle cars filled. The cars were shipped post-haste from all corners of the United States, requiring the cooperation of twelve different railroad companies.)

FLORIDIANS expected that the roundup would take all summer, but days meant dollars and the Millers drove their hands unsparingly. By the first day of June not one cow, steer, or calf of the original thirty-six thousand was left in Florida. Perhaps this feat has been excelled in American cattle industry, but it is unlikely.

From New Orleans, the 101 stock was routed in every direction, to south of the Rio Grande, to north of the Missouri. To Floridians, the "last straw" was Zack Miller's drawling remark concerning the extent of the 101's operations:

"Mostly," he said, "we go in for hog raising and grain products."

They also raised other things, including ostriches, peafowls and turkeys. Also the ranch had its own packing plant, its own agricultural experiment station, and had such sources of revenue as $756,000 from thirty-two wheat crops. Fresh vegetables were planted in large quantities, and the 101 watermelons were famous, though not particularly profitable.

It was a five-dollar fine, according to the decree of Colonel Miller, for anyone to walk through the patch without helping himself to a melon. In five years, however, the total sales of truck products to tourists who stopped at the ranch and wanted to buy was $29,342.30.

The 101's colorful history began in 1870 when Colonel George Miller acquired 20,000 pounds of bacon in Missouri, traveled to Texas and traded the pork for beef on the hoof, at 50 pounds of bacon for one full-grown steer. The four hundred cattle he secured in exchange were driven back to Kansas.

In its time the 101 Ranch was to operate a world-famous Wild West show, featuring Tom Mix, Buck Jones, and Geronimo, the wily Apache chieftain, and to be the scene of an early western movie, "Trail Dust."

But the "fabulous spread" overdid itself and in August, 1931, there began the long process of putting the 101 into receivership. In 1936 the entire contents of the "White House" was sold at public auction and just recently Zack Miller, died poor and embittered.

For the picturesque 101 Ranch, as well as the entire cattle industry, the colossal drive from Florida in May, 1925, was the last great roundup.

Horse Thief

(Continued from page 17)

"I don't reckon there was another spot on the globe that had as many tough characters, or where hoss stealin' flourished like it did in the late 1870's and 80's in Kansas. The country west of Dodge City became so infested with outlaws the citizens were compelled to take matters into their own hands. Judge Colt and his side-kick, Judge Lynch, divided honors on the bench. There wasn't any long-drawn-out court cases like you have these days. When a thief came before them judges, there was no reprieve granted, and he suffered the penalty for his misdeeds *muy pronto*.

"I knew most of them old rustlers like Dutch Henry, Tom Owens, Chubby Jones, and Ike Cramer. Dutch Henry, I reckon, was the best known. He was a smallish man, who, after serving as a scout for the old Seventh Cavalry of General Custer, turned against the Army and took up hoss stealin'. I heard he done it to get even with the officers for refusing to help him get back a band of ponies he claimed was stolen from him by the Injuns.

"The Dutch Henry gang worked a clever game; they had relay stations strung from Texas to Colorado. Hosses run off in Kansas were pushed from one homesteader's place to another until they got clear out of the state. Hosses stolen in Colorado and Nebraska got shifted west. Old Henry got so bold he set up a sales stable in Dodge, and if you asked for a hoss, he would ask first, Which way you was headin', east or west? If you was headin' west, he'd sell you a hoss that came from Nebraska or Colorado. If you were ridin' east, he'd pick out an animal and say, Take that one. His brand is good as long as you keep traveling in the right direction!

"There came a time when Dutch Henry was ordered out of Dodge, and in revenge he ran off some hosses that got him into a mess. Rounding up a posse, Emanuel Dobbs took their trail and ran 'em down west of Dodge. In the running

"I'd feel plumb nekkid without my guns."

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fight that followed, Tom Owens was sentenced by Judge Colt along with a heap of his *compadres*. Old Dutch escaped, but packed a couple of slugs in his carcass as he lit out for Texas.

"Even the killing of Tom Owens and some of his cohorts didn't discourage the outlaws that got away. A few weeks later, a posse rounded up three fellers and hanged 'em in what is called Horse Thief Canyon just west of Dodge City. One of 'em proved to be a son of old Tom Owens; reckon hoss stealin' ran in the family.

"Cimarron, about eighteen miles west of Dodge, was the scene of a wholesale hangin' a short time later. The ranchers had formed a Vigilante Committee, and their spies had listed eleven men belonging to the hoss thief fraternity. My old man was the chief. He called a meeting one night and put eleven names into a hat. Each member of the Committee drew the name of a rustler, then picked himself a Vigilante comrade to side him in bringin' in his man.

"In pairs, the Vigilantes called on the hoss thieves, and before daylight ten of the rustlers were brought in to the rendezvous among the cottonwoods along the Arkansas River. Judge Lynch found them all guilty, and ten of the rustlers stretched hemp. Two Vigilantes failed to show up. Jim Wilson and his side-kick, Able Smith, had drawn the name of a jasper living a long way out on the prairie. The boys figured that they hadn't had time to make the return trip in darkness, and had likely holed up rather than be seen bringing in the man in daylight.

"WHEN the two Vigilantes failed to report with their prisoner by the next night, a searching party set out. They reached the sod-buster's dugout and found it empty as a last year's bird nest. Hoss tracks showed that three men had been there all right, but nary a sign could the posse discover as to which way they had headed. All three were single men, and as time passed they were soon forgotten.

"Most of them oldtimers pulled up stakes in 1889 and drifted over to Ingalls when the citizens of that town decided to get the county seat. There was a big fight between Ingalls and Cimarron over the county seat business, but Ingalls won out. Them fellers even moved the courthouse across the prairie to their town."

The old boy paused to take another belt at his liquor. "Were you a resident of Cimarron at the time the fight occurred?" I inquired.

He looked at me slyly over the rim of his glass. "Hell, no! I'd pulled stakes long before that."

I tried another tack. "Wonder whatever became of those two jaspers, Wilson and Smith?"

My companion grinned. "Wilson and Smith skipped out along with the man they was sent after. You see, all three of them *hombres* happened to be members of the gang that was runnin' off hosses."

Emptying his glass, the oldster glanced furtively around the barroom, then leaned close and whispered, "Reason I knows this is *I* was one of the three! Savvy?"

I was too flabbergasted to comment. By the time I had recovered my aplomb, the old boy had slithered outside and disappeared.

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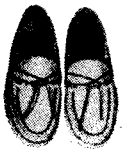

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Laughing Killer!

(Continued from page 23)

For example, Clay personally avenged the brutal holdup murder of Cimarron's beloved Methodist preacher, the Reverend F. J. Tolby. Allison helped run down the murderers, "assisted" at the hanging of one, and summarily "executed" the other. It is also claimed by some folks that Clay staked the widow and her two small children to train fare back East.

IN 1880, Allison sold his ranch and left Cimarron to buy a new and larger "spread" of land on the Blackwater in the lower Pecos Valley. Ranch house built and a responsible foreman hired, he returned to his old home in Tennessee to marry his boyhood sweetheart and bring her back with him to New Mexico.

Marriage put an end to Allison's career as a bad man and killer. His somnolent conscience awakened at last, he strove mightily to atone for past crimes. He was kind to the poor Mexican kids who lived in the 'dobe huts of his field-workers; bought them clothing and candy and provided medical care when needed. In every way possible, he tried to even the long, bloody score against him and—who knows?—perhaps he partially succeeded. He paid in suffering when his first-born child arrived cruelly deformed in body; he paid in bitter remorse throughout the long nights when he couldn't sleep, and drove his matched team of trotters to a steaming lather across the dark countryside

The strange manner of Clay Allison's death has been attributed to grim retribution and to sheer, blind chance, according to varying viewpoints. Contemporary reports reflect this confusion; some state that Clay was drunk at the time of his death, others indignantly deny the harsh allegation.

Driving near his ranch one day, Clay overtook an old teamster trying feebly to restrain his nervous young horses on a steep grade. He stopped his trotters, offering to drive the skittish team to the bottom of the hill.

The old man thankfully accepted, setting his brake and climbing stiffly down from his precarious perch on the big load of saw logs.

Allison, an expert horseman, anticipated little difficulty guiding the wild young team safely down the hill. Maybe he *was* drunk—in any case, he forgot one all-important factor in his own physical condition. Halfway down the rocky grade he shoved his right foot down hard on the brake to slow his plunging descent. The atrophied leg muscles and weakened tendons were not equal to the sudden strain. The leg buckled, and the frightened team lunged forward as the brake slacked off. Clay grabbed for the iron rail of the seat, but the tilting wagon struck a rock at the side of the road and hurled him to the ground.

The right rear wheel crunched over his head, killing him instantly.

SOURCES:

Guns of the Frontier, W. M. Raine, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1940.
Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal, S. N. Lake, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1931.
Triggernometry, Eugene Cunningham, Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1941.

Heap Big Pow Wow!

(Continued from page 19)

"You wait till tomorrow night," he prophesied. "They'll be drunk and carving each other up all over the place. The jail will be so full, the law'll have Indians chained to every tree on this carnival ground!"

That night, we took in the carnival—friendly, sullen, ambitious wastrels. We stood and watched our towheads, Mike and Beck, riding the roller coaster with black-headed, black-eyed Indian kids—all of them laughing and shouting and shrieking with the same joy of life. We saw Indians getting just as drunk as white men. We saw white women wearing as much of their husbands' wealth on their backs as did Indian women. And when Tommie asked permission of one young mother to fold back a blanket for a better look at the new baby inside, the mother complied, her swarthy face registering the same warm glow of pride and joy to be seen on the faces of young mothers the world over.

And while I stood by watching, I was reminded of a remark once made to me by an old South Texas cowman: "Now, boy, I'll tell you about people. They're all alike. Irregardless of color, country, or religion. Take any mixed herd of a hundred, and here's how they'll generally average out: one saint, one son-of-a-bitch, and ninety-eight sheep, who'll foller one or the other, just owing to whichever direction the wind blows."

THROUGH whatever peephole of knowledge or ignorance you may view the Indian, once you've seen him performing his ceremonial rites, you realize that he is not the same man you thought you saw on the streets or out on some reservation.

That night we sat in darkness, watching the great roaring council fires shoot sparks high into the night. We watched the medicine men lead chiefs, tribesmen, women and children to the fires, where the flaring light fell upon their gay-colored ceremonial dress and made of them costumes of barbaric and fantastic beauty.

We waited and saw the proud figures stiffen at the first muffled note of the tom-tom. We watched them move swiftly into intricate dance steps and off-beat incantations that only terrific discipline and ages of practice could make into such perfection. It's no wonder eminent choreographers have long

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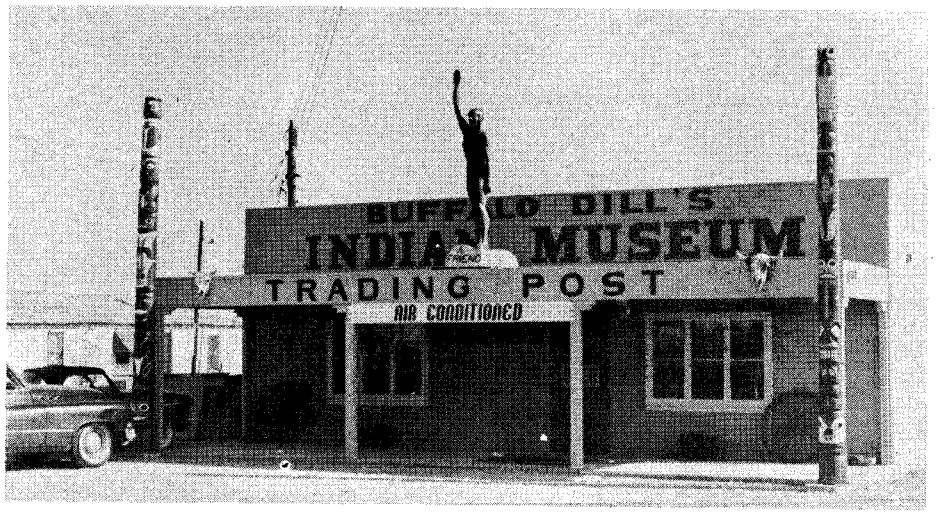


made a study of these dances. As they danced and chanted, in a glittering, color-flashing, bell-jingling, rhythmic whirl of movement and sound, there was no denying the feeling—they were gradually transporting themselves into antiquity, back into a time so long forgotten that only these rites of tradition could give it meaning.

Too, there was the feeling that now each was one—with himself, with his kind, with the earth, with the trees, with the water, with the birds and animals, with the wind, with the sun and the moon and the stars, and with his gods.

There before us, they seemed to achieve that harmony of spirit and universe that civilized man apparently lost somewhere back down the line of his cultural evolution.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 29)

oldtime cowboys thought it a disgrace to save cash—George Phillips, Route 2, Duncan, Arizona.

Appeal for Help

Dear Mr. Small:

This is an appeal for help.

I am writing an appeal to the readers of TRUE WEST to help an old woman find two brothers whom she has not heard of in 50 years. The last I heard from my brother Jack Wilson was when he lived in Los Angeles, California. That was 50 years ago and I have never been able to contact him since. My other brother, Andrew Wilson, moved to Old Mexico. His wife lives somewhere in California. I have never heard from her. I am Gular Wilson Jones, wife of the late J. A. F. Jones, of Fluvanna, Texas, Scurry County.

When the two boys left home, the town was known as Kounalight (?), Texas. I moved to Pie Town, New Mexico, in 1935 to make my home. I am now nearly 80 years old, and I would like very much to hear from one or either of my brothers. Any information from any friend, descendant, or relative will be greatly appreciated—Mrs. Mary Gular Wilson Jones, Pie Town, New Mexico.

Come On, Readers! We're not going to stick our necks out on THIS!

Editor TRUE WEST:

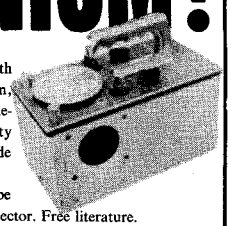
I am an ardent reader of TRUE WEST and enjoy every issue from cover to cover.

I would appreciate your opinion on the following. It concerns an article about Wyatt Earp published in the July, 1955, issue of ARGOSY. In short, the story claimed that Wyatt wasn't as fast on the draw, as accurate a shot, or as rugged a man as has been published in your magazine or in dozens of other books and magazines I have read. The article also states that Wyatt was never appointed U.S. Marshal in *any* state, with particular reference to Arizona. It stated that he used a Marshal's badge to cover up shady deals in Tombstone along with Doc Holliday and his brothers, Virgil, James, and Morgan Earp.

The one incident that got me wondering was his famous encounter with Ben Thompson in Ellsworth, Kansas, when

(Continued on following page)

URANIUM!



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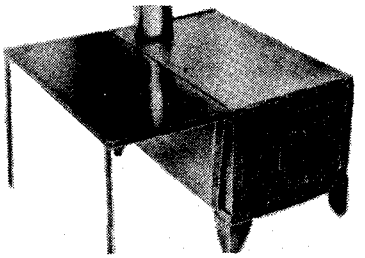

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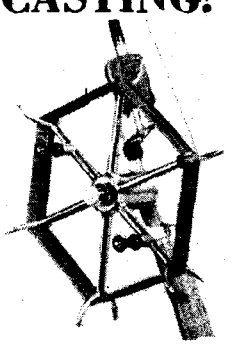

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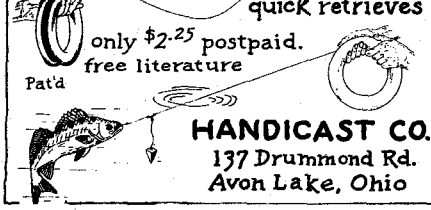

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Truly Western

(Continued from preceding page)

Wyatt told Ben to throw down his shotgun when he had the whole town "treed." Wyatt was said to be within thirty yards of Thompson when he said, "Fight or throw down your gun!" Ben obeyed, and Wyatt took him to court where he was fined $25. ARGOSY states that Ben Thompson hired Wyatt for that incident so he could make a name for himself, and to use him for future services. To me, this is hard to believe after reading for so many years of all the good Wyatt Earp did as Marshal of Western towns. I won't go into the ARGOSY article in detail, but for one thing the famous battle at the O.K. Corral in Tombstone was also said to be not a fair fight but plain murder. The Clantons and McLowerys were said—by ARGOSY—to have been unarmed, and the Earps and Doc Holliday walked into the corral while they were getting their horses ready to leave town, and shot them down in cold blood because they knew too much about the Earps' shady operations outside the law.

Please settle this question of the Earps' integrity one way or the other.—Jos. C. Weber, 307 Salaignac St., Philadelphia, Penna.

Blackfoot Chief Dies

Dear Mr. Wiltsey:

First off, I'd like you to know how much I've enjoyed your Indian Series in TRUE WEST. I hope that some day they will be published in a book, so that we admirers of your fine articles may be able to preserve them in permanent form. I was hoping that you would do a chapter on the Blackfeet, while at the same time I realized the difficulties involved. As I know from my own reading experience, there is not very much research material on this great tribe available.

I thought you would be interested in the following news item. I quote from an AP dispatch from Cardston, Alberta, dated March 16, 1956:

"Chief Shot-Both-Sides, 82, Chief of the Bloods, main tribe of the Blackfoot confederacy, died yesterday in the Indian hospital in this southwestern Alberta town.

A son of Crop-Eared-Wolf, Shot-Both-Sides grew up in an era when his people still roamed the prairies in search of buffalo and raided the enemy for horses and women. He was born four years before the Bloods, the Piegans, and the entire Blackfoot tribe signed a treaty with the white man in 1877, and thirty-two years before Alberta became a province. Shot-Both-Sides' people now live on 353,000 acres in southwestern Alberta, Canada's largest reservation.

The old chief was one of the two presidents of the Kainai chieftainship, a Blood society designed to "foster and propagate a policy of future Canadian citizenship" for the Indians. The other president is Alberta's Lt. Gov. J. J. Bowlen. Membership in the Kainai is limited to thirty-five persons. They include the Duke of Windsor and Canada's Governor General, Vincent Massey."

The news dispatch fails to mention specifically what we folks here in Cardston have long known—that Chief Shot-Both-Sides was one of the greatest gentlemen and most ardent Canadians we have ever known. His death is a distinct loss to Canada.—Jim Blair, Cardston, Alberta, Canada.

Interesting Sidelights on the Jennings Boys and Bill Tilghman

Gentlemen:

We have received your April number with cover by a San Benito woman and containing story of Fort Brown. For this we thank you and would like very much to get TRUE WEST regularly.

I found one of your early numbers on a newsstand here and wanted more, but could not find one. In the meantime I had passed on to others the copy I bought and so could not write you. I'm happy we've got together again at last.

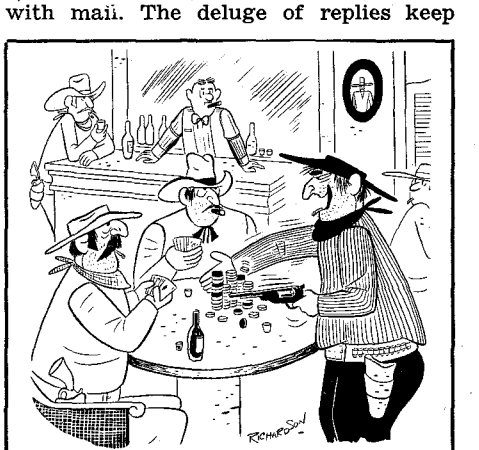
Your story and pictures of Al Jennings in the April number amused me. From January, 1912, to the outbreak of the first World War I was police reporter, city editor, and staff correspondent of the *Daily Oklahoman* in Oklahoma City. I met Al, Frank and John Jennings. Bill Tilghman was Oklahoma City chief of police when I first started work on the *Oklahoman,* and I knew him later almost to his death. John Jennings was a police court lawyer, and I sat on a bench with him in front of the old police station many nights listenings to his yarns of the old days. Al had the serial story of his life running in *The Saturday Evening Post,* and John would give me the low-down after each installment appeared. Al as a real gun-fighter was a joke. John said that he and Al and Frank had as chief racket the shakedown of Texas cattlemen bringing herds through Oklahoma territory. They posed as deputy U.S. Marshals and charged cowmen so much a head for taking cattle across Indian land on the way to Kansas. John said only one train robbery was pulled. Al was a political lawyer and politician when I knew him. Frank was a respected lawyer. I think Al was really elected Governor of Oklahoma but was counted out. John told me Al's story of his flight to Honduras and meeting O. Henry was a phony. John said they got no farther than Galveston, where they got drunk and lost their money gambling. Thanks again for your magazine. It's very good—Paul Cottrell, news editor, *The San Benito News,* San Benito, Texas.

HELP! HELP!

To Editors and staff of TRUE WEST:

Help! Save me! PLEASE!

The six-buck offer I made in TRULY WESTERN for your scarce issues of Vol. 1, Nos. 2 and 3, has me flooded under with mail. The deluge of replies keep



"I win!"

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coming in, and I have developed writer's cramp trying to answer them all. Please put a note in the next issue of TRUE WEST and get me off the hook. Listen, folks—I've got my precious Number 2 and my treasured Number 3. I don't need any more.

Just listen to THIS for a wonder of wonders in this modern day and age! A Mrs. Clarence Basso, of Havelock, Nevada, sent me a copy of Vol. 1, Number 2, **gratis**—and wished me the best in her sweet letter. That's the kind of grand folks that read TRUE WEST!

In closing, may I add to all you nice people who wrote in answer to my request: Please send your rare Vol. 1, Numbers 2 and 3, to TRUE WEST, if you don't want to keep them yourselves. TRUE WEST will give you $1.00 in subscriptions for each copy—or extend your present subscription for that amount—and send them on for $1.00 each to others. You'll be amply repaid in the gratitude and good wishes you'll receive by giving somebody else a chance to read these rare copies that bring so much genuine pleasure to TRUE WEST fans everywhere. Most of you stated in your letters to me that you have extras of these rare copies that are of no value to you, so send 'em in to TRUE WEST and help create a little happiness in this grim old world.

So long, folks, and thanks a million. The good Lord bless you all. — J. R. Kosztla, 135 El Medio, Ventura, California.

Interesting Sidelight on Paul Curry

Dear Editor:

I read with interest the article "He Outrobbed Them All" in the November-December issue of TRUE WEST. For two years I was a resident of Stroud, Oklahoma, where in 1915 Henry Starr met his first major setback in the form of well-aimed bullets from Paul Curry's rifle. I was at the Sac and Fox Agency eight miles to the south on the day that Curry salted down Starr and Estes.

I just received a letter from my brother, Doctor Ed Harrington, Professor of Civil Engineering at Texas A & M College. In part it reads: "In this issue of TRUE WEST there is a write-up of Henry Starr; also a picture of our old friend and school mate, Paul Curry. Paul sure interrupted the proceedings in that bank robbery. If there had been more of the Curry brothers a-hold of Winchesters they would probably have shot up all the robbers."

The above lines express my sentiments exactly. In 1916-1917, Paul Curry was a senior in the Stroud High School and also the student coach of our football team. In fact, he was **the** coach as well as the quarterback. Paul had plenty of speed and ability as an individual and as a leader. His brother, Dewey, led the school band, and another brother, Guy, also played in the band. All three Curry brothers played on the football team. They all possessed unbounded courage and the priceless quality of leading others. Heavy odds only spurred them to fight harder; they were that sort of boys. Theirs were the rugged qualities that make a nation great. Therefore, when Professor Ed Harrington says it was lucky for the bandits that only one of the Curry boys happened to find a rifle, he knows what he is talking about.

Incidentally, I am not sure of the type of rifle and the caliber that Paul Curry

(Continued on following page)

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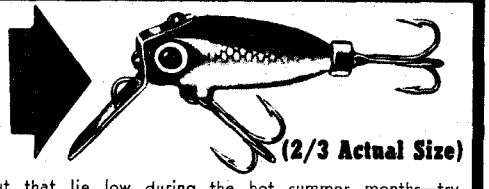

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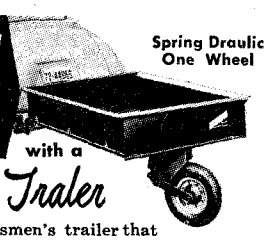

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used to break up the bank robbery. I remember hearing that it was a Stevens Tip-up, single shot, .32 caliber. If that is correct, Paul had to do some fancy hand-loading between shots.—Doctor E. R. Harrington, Director of Secondary Education, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Here Come The Jameses!

Dear Mr. Small:

If you wish to make your magazine really worthwhile, why don't you go out and get the real, true story of Jesse W. James? You have started a controversy, you have presented the same old bunk—now why don't you go out after another side of a greater story?

A story this big isn't going to be handed over to you; you should know that. A group of unknown readers are not going to hash over anything as big as this; you were told that some time ago. Some one is going to go out after this James mystery, and when they do it is going to make someone some money. BIG money, for the story will run twenty years or longer.

One of the boys offered a manuscript to a Chicago publisher a couple of years ago. The readers stole portions of the Jesse Woodson James manuscript, and a rash of new Western movies was a result. Then to top that, the publisher for a long time refused to return the manuscript, and one of the JAMESES had to go down and get it. They managed to keep a few valuable pictures, however.

Right here in this area are several of the real JAMES family; among them, Jesse Lee James, Jesse Cole James, Roscoe James, Burleigh James, and several others.

Who are these jug-heads that keep popping off about the Old Man? What do they know about anything?

Why don't you get to work rather than sit behind a desk waiting for somebody to mail you a story? In the old days, most magazines used to have men scouting out and around for the very best stories—and they were fit to read. Now all you see in magazines are filth and sex stories, which carry no decency or moral about them. See what we mean? (Signed)—Jesse Lee James, Link Lorimor, Burleigh James, Jesse Cole James, June James and Jesse James IV, Jessie Ann Lorimor.

Jesse: Rush us your check for $10,000 and we'll start travelin'. Just advice ain't enough—that comes in by the wagon loads!—Joe.

Anybody Remember Carlo Myles, Indian Aide to Buffalo Bill?

To the Editors of TRUE WEST:

A friend and subscriber to your excellent magazine, TRUE WEST, gave me several copies, which I read with great interest—especially the story of Chief Plenty Coups, and the article on the Wounded Knee Massacre by a friend, Marvin Almon of Louisville. These and other articles gave me the idea that perhaps I could contribute something, and at the same time garner additional information on the subject.

Some old-timers will remember Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) and his show. They may also remember the large Ogalalla Sioux, Carlo Myles, who was aide to Cody in handling the many Indians in the show.

Although I had seen the show twice, I did not meet Myles until 1936. I was assisting Ralph Hubbard in an Indian Pageant in a Boy Scout show. One of the scouts knew of Myles, and I was asked to located him. I found Carlo suffering with a very bad case of arthritis, later being a patient in a hospital for incurables. Visiting him often, bringing him tobacco and doing what I could, we talked of the old days, and Carlo related many tales of his experiences.

In March, 1937, Carlo Myles passed away and was laid to rest in the Catholic Calvary Cemetery, Louisville, Kentucky.

So passed a friend of short acquaintance but lasting memories. Perhaps some of your readers could fill in the first chapter of his life.—Albert L. Mirus, 3006 Carson Way, Louisville, Kentucky.

You're Right on the Ball, Pete!

Dear Mr. Gipson:

In your February issue, in the story "Kid Curry's Wild Bunch," it states: "On one of his black days, Landusky spotted a lone Indian loping along a trail. Though the redskin had had nothing to do with his maiming, Pike shot him down like a rabbit." Later in the article it says: "He (Landusky) cut out the bladder, and later tanned it and made it into a tobacco pouch. T. C. Abbott, one of Montana's old-timers and a pal of Charlie Russell's, stated that Landusky smoked tobacco taken from this pouch."

I have just finished reading the Life of T. C. Abbott, written by himself and H. H. Smith. In his book it says: "An Indian reached over and grabbed a piece of meat he (Landusky) was cooking. Pike hit him over the head with the frying-pan, and then he jumped on him and kicked hell out of him, tore off his breech-clout and slapped it in his face. That is the deadliest insult you can give an Indian."

Later on the book states: "Three years later Pike met the Indian who stole his meat. He was trapping with another fellow, and the Indian was with a small party—just three or four of them. Pike killed this Indian and cut out his bladder and made a tobacco pouch of it, and smoked out of it that winter on the Missouri."

So I guess Pike Landusky didn't kill the Indian just for the heck of it.

"I'd like to know who in the hell taught him that!"

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I am just 14, so I hope this isn't too badly written.—Pete Lewis, Box 193, Eagle Pass, Texas.

A Great-Niece of Jesse James Speaks Up

Manager, TRUE WEST Magazine:

As I am a great-niece of Jesse Woodson James (my father's father, John Enoch James, was a brother of Jesse Woodson James) I am, therefore, on the inside track of all that took place with my Uncle Jesse from his sudden publicity in 1945 until his death in 1951. Next to Jesse James III, I was Uncle Jesse's favorite relative. I kept in close touch with him all the while, so I know whereof I speak.

Uncle Jesse revealed himself to me twice before he died of old age in Hood County, Texas, August 15, 1951. He came to me twice in Nashville, Tennessee, and I had every reason to know him.

TRUE WEST could certainly make much progress as a magazine of "true Western facts" if you would hunt down these facts on Uncle Jesse and publish them so the mystery can be cleared up. The "blind mice" don't want to see these facts published.

You will do justice to all if you will give this suppressed story an honorable chance in your valued and interesting magazine. If and when you do publish the true story of Jesse James, please send me a copy—Cora James Anderson, 3720 Central Avenue, Nashville, Tennessee.

Beauty and the Bulls

(Continued from page 16)

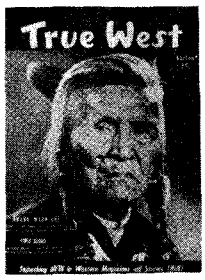
Now, under her new manager, Antonio Correia of Lisbon, Portugal, Pat is slated to begin a history-making tour of rings in North Africa, Southern France, and Portugal—and possibly even Spain. She will become the first American *torera* to prove to European *aficionados* that *yanqui* girls have the courage and skill to face *los toros* as well as Latin boys.

Twenty-three-year-old Miss Hayes has left far behind her the promising career as expert bassoon player which had led her to play in many Texas symphony orchestras. Instead she has picked up cape, sword, and *muleta* with astounding success and become a leading personality in the dangerous world of bullfighting.

She, along with Pat McCormick and Georgina Knowles, is bringing a new kind of glory to Texas and to the American spirit of new adventure wherever it can be found. The three girls find that the natural fear of going into the ring just before a fight never diminishes, no matter how many times they triumph. But they never have thought of backing out of a fight. Why do they continue at their unnatural career? Mostly because they love the excitement that comes from mastering the bull in the audience-ringed arena. They love the wild applause and *oles,* the traditional bouquets of red carnations which the fans throw to them as they triumphantly circle the ring after another ear-cutting success.

Each new triumph of this trim, talented trio is not only individual glory, but also adds fresh honor to all three as Texas' most unusual and most daring daughters.

THEY'RE RUNNING OUT!



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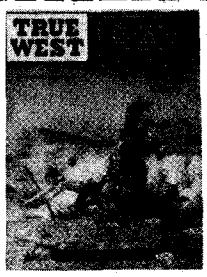

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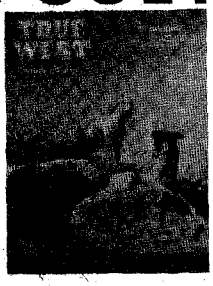
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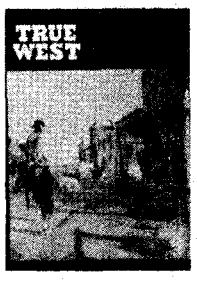

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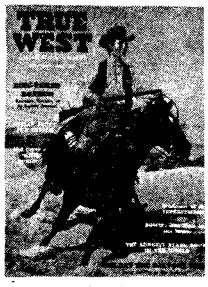

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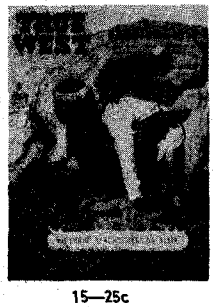
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If you want any back issues of TRUE WEST—better get them now for they are running out fast—and they can never be replaced. What we would give for a plentiful supply of No's 1, 2 and 3 which have DONE run out.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

RANGE LIFE

WYOMING'S PIONEER RANCHES (Top-of-the-World Press, $10) is by three native sons of the Laramie Plains —R. H. "Bob" Burns, A. S. "Bud" Gillespie, and Willing G. Richardson. It is a big handsome book of 752 pages with numerous illustrations and is encyclopedic in information on the early range livestock industry of the Laramie Plains. It is evident that the writing of this book was a labour of love and the casual and sometimes homely style seems to be entirely appropriate as the authors discuss their dads, their dads' neighbors, friends and other old ranchers, cowboys and freighters. The tremendous amount of research that was necessary to its preparation is also evident. The edition is limited to 1000 numbered copies and it is sure to become a collector's Special—a must for all range life, local history, and Wyoming collectors.

PRIME, CHOICE AND BALONEY (Oxford Press, $3.50) is by John Cholis, one-time Range Conservationist for the Soil Conservation Service and now Field Editor for Northern California, Utah, and Nevada of the WESTERN LIVESTOCK JOURNAL. An appropriate subtitle appears on the dust jacket, "Wandering with a Ranch Rambler." The popular Johnny is a familiar figure at all the events at which range men gather and a warm welcome awaits him at many a remote ranch. His book is about the ranch folks he met doing his work and their ways with grass and livestock. There is a deal of conservation in it and some chuckles, plus information about some of the best known present day ranches and the men who own and run them that has not previously appeared between hard covers. There is a foreword by Bing Crosby (a chapter is devoted to Der Bingo's Elko spread), a backword by Ed Lloyd, and some good drawings by Charlie Plumb. Worth the money.

Grace L. Davison's THE GATES OF MEMORY (Santa Ynez Valley News, $2.75) is a book of her recollections of pioneer life in the Santa Ynez Valley in California. The chapters on the Santa Rosa, La Vega, Le Cerro Alto, San Carlos de Jonata, Alisal, and Old College Ranchos are of particular interest to the range life collector. But the rest of the book is also entertaining and it is a worthwhile contribution to local history. A nice job of bookmaking—slick paper, good photographic illustrations, and well bound—by a press in a small town.

UP THE TRAIL FROM TEXAS (Random, $1.50) is J. Frank Dobie's contribution to a fine juvenile series, Landmark Books." But if the boys and girls think they can keep this one just for themselves, they are in for a surprise—the Dobie collectors (and they are many) are going to compete mightily. It is a dandy book about real trail men—Charles Goodnight, Oliver Loving, Walt Billingsley, Frank Smith, Billie Slaughter and others—told with all the charm of the Southwest's greatest authority on range life. The illustrations by John C. Wonsetler are good.

INDIAN TRADER

EARLY DAYS AND INDIAN WAYS (Westernlore, $4.75) by Madge Hardin Walters is a series of chatty tales about the rambles through the United States western Indian country by a plucky, venturesome woman. At one time Mrs. Walters was one of the largest dealers in Navajo Indian rugs in the country and she did much to give many Americans a true appreciation of Indian art. This is a beautifully printed book.

THE WHOOP-UP TRAIL!

WHOOP-UP COUNTRY (University of Minnesota Press, $5) by Paul F. Sharp is the story of the coming of civilization to a vast new land—the Canadian-American West. The rowdy name came from the Whoop-Up Trail, that half-forgotten, dangerous, but highly profitable avenue of commerce which carried millions of dollars worth of whiskey, guns, furs, and other freight from the head of navigation on the Missouri to Fort MacLeod, two hundred and forty miles to the north in Canada.

It is also the story of the great fur companies who fought for the mastery of the region and of the free traders who followed them. Here, too, is the story of the Royal Northwest "Mounties" who, together with the U.S. Army, maintained some semblance of law and order among the stubborn Sioux and Blackfeet. The book concludes with a vivid portrayal of the merchant entrepreneurs who promised and nearly succeeded in making Fort Benton the southern terminus of the Whoop-Up Trail, the "Chicago of the West."

Paul Sharp obviously knows the Montana Canadian border country and its history as few men know it. Moreover, he has presented his facts in a carefully documented and highly entertaining fashion. Regional history at its best.

ASTORIA

Cecil Pearl Dryden's BY SEA ON THE TONQUIN (Caxton, $4.50) is the story of the trip around the Horn by the Astorians and of the beginnings of trade by the Pacific Fur Co. It is an entertaining book and follows closely the accounts of Gabriel Franchere and Alexander Ross, whose books have long been rated as classics. The Astorians on the ship *Tonquin* were a memorable lot, particularly the hated Captain Thorn and Astor's partners, Duncan McDougall, Alexander McKay, David Stuart, and Robert Stuart, nephew of David, plus, of course, the clerk chroniclers, Franchere and Ross. The book is nicely illustrated with drawings by the Canadian artist, E. Joseph Dreany, and is recommended to all those who want a brief, exciting and well written story of the founding of Astoria.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE TETONS

Donald Hough's THE COCKTAIL HOUR IN JACKSON HOLE (Norton, $3.50) is an entertaining and nostalgic narrative. The cocktail hour at Jackson lasts from mid-September until Thanksgiving or later. It begins with the departure of the dudes and tourists (Hough explains how they differ) and ends, or does it? Chuckles are numerous as the author writes of his old friends and of his first winter in the Hole. His light touch and a hard-earned understanding of the West particularly qualify Hough to tell this true story—we recommend it highly.

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Poetry Corner

BLIZZARD BLUES

When I was a kid I was always told,
when things got tough and the weather cold,
You just keep on smilin' and that'll see you through!
Now all that sounded like good advice,
When the grass was green and the weather nice.
But when winter comes—Oh, Brother, I'm tellin' you,
There ain't no sense in tryin' to grin.
'Cause when I do, just as sure as sin, the mercury drops to 40 below, you see.
No matter WHAT my pappy said, when the wind gets cold and the weather's bad,
A frozen smile just don't look good on me!
When you live in a cold Northwestern state,
There ain't no chance of sleepin' late,
You gotta get up and start shovelin' snow.
Coffee don't seem to warm you up,
So you drink another scalding cup.
Coffee helps some, so out the door you go,
You grab a shovel—at 40 below.
You have to shovel wherever you go,
You even shovel your way to the outhouse door,
You just sit down for a minute of two,
With old Monkey Ward—you've read it through.
But just from habit you read the page that's tore,
Then out again in the frosty air,
You grab your shovel and start from there.
The wind starts blowin' and blows all day,

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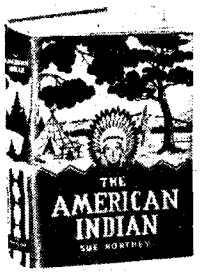
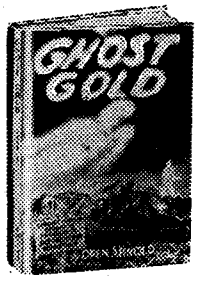
Western Americana



By **Sue Northey.** Life of the Indians from before the Pilgrims came down through the centuries to today. **$2.75.**



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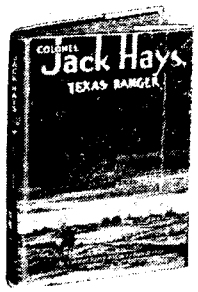

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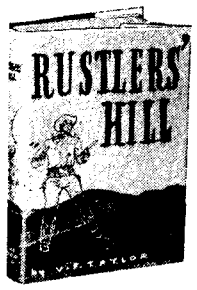

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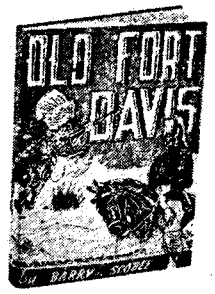

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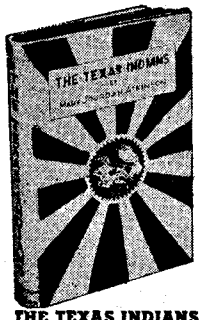

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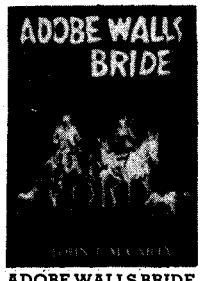

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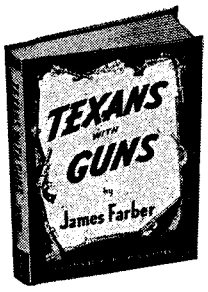

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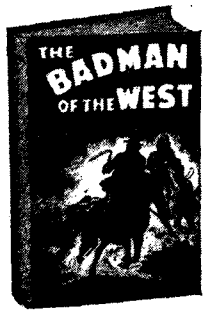

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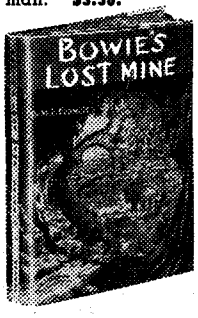

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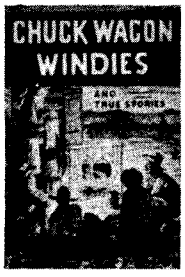

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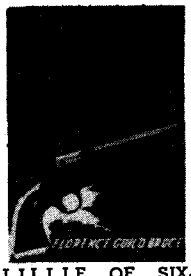

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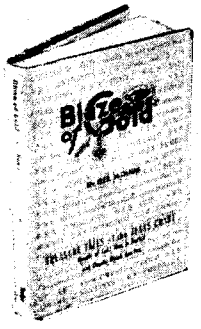

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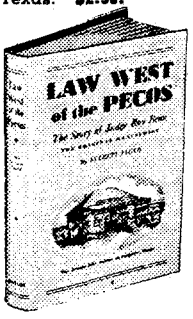

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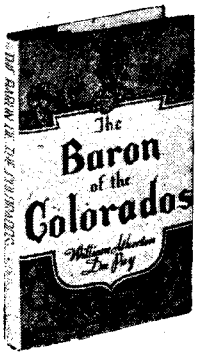

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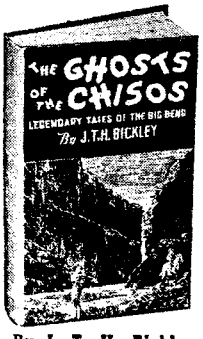

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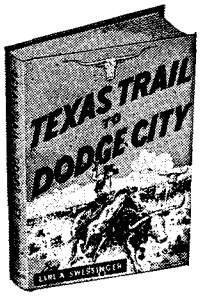

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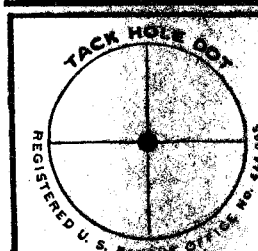

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Poetry Corner

(Continued from preceding page)

Your hands are numb, but if the weather allows,
You reach the barn and feed the cows.
They're all humped up and bellerin' for their hay,
You shovel feed and you shovel snow,
Then grab an axe, 'cause you gotta go
And chop a water-hole down the creek a way.
It makes you plumb mad when you stop and think,
That down below is a fork-tailed "gink,"
He's shovelin' too—but he's got a nice warm fire!
Up here I just shiver and shake,
While the guys below all fry and bake.
But which is worse, I ask you—here or there?
It seems to me that for real torment,
If this old fork-tailed boy was sent,
Up here. Oh Brother, now I mean to tell,
If the Devil were put to shovelin' snow,
When the mercury skids to 40 below,
He'd stomp his hoofs and holler THIS IS HELL!
These Blizzard Blues have got me down,
I'll sell my cows and move to town,
I'll look around and get me a big, fat wife.
THEN let the blizzard scream and storm,
My big ol' wife will keep me warm,
For it's too damn cold to live a bachelor's life! —Oscar Herem, Route 1, Miles City, Montana.

FROM MUSTANGER TO LAWYER, is the unusual story of the unlikely transition in the life work of Max Coleman, an attorney of Lubbock, Texas. If you're tired of the usual slick treatment of the Old West by a professional writer, read this book.

Max Coleman at one time controlled a vast spread of 50,000 acres of good grazing land upon which he ran 1,200 cattle and 500 horses. He'd seen "all that swept away by persons shrewder than I" and had been reduced to working for day wages wherever he could find work. As he rode the range, he thought things through for himself and knew that to recover any of his holdings he'd have to acquire some legal savvy. He did—the hard way—by graduating from the "school of hard knocks" and acquiring a license to practice law. Through the courts he fought for his lost holdings and won some of them back.

Coleman's life has been one of rugged adventure, in the days when "each man set himself up as an individual court of justice." He reached retirement age with 100 or so rent houses, a ranch and other property. More important, he gained a philosophy that made him "thankful for every adversity I had suffered, for out of that crucible . . . I emerged unafraid and after proving to myself I could pay all my debts, whatever they were."

Max Coleman had need of all his philosophy, when, in the winter of 1943, he was bedridden by a stroke that endangered his life. After 17 days he roused from a semi-conscious stupor in the hospital to overhear doctors and friends predicting his early death.

"The more I thought about it, the madder I got," Coleman recalls. "By next morning I knew what I was going to do.

"I told the nurse to call Hub Trammel and Tom Cannon and tell them to come to my room and bring a crutch. I was going out of there. And I did!"

He pulled through with sheer determination and will power and lived to write this book. In it, he has set down his life on the open range of more than 60 years ago—his thrilling experiences as mustanger, freighter, wild horse roper and breaker.

This is a story of the West as it really was—a story of men and horses and the "great expanse of virgin grass, without a house, tree or highway, but covered with wild horses, antelope and cowboys, as it was when I first saw it."

This priceless book sells for $3.50 per copy, by mail postpaid. You can order it directly from the author, Max Coleman, Lubbock, Texas, or from Frontier Times Museum, Bandera, Texas.—JAS.

NEBRASKA MEMORIAL TO GENE RHODES

A well-known writer of Western stories, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, is to be memorialized this summer at his birthplace — Tecumseh, Nebraska. As a tribute to Rhodes, a shelf of Western American books will be placed in the public library there. Ramrod for the project is an English professor at the University of Texas, Dr. Joseph J. Jones, who also hails from Tecumseh. Asked about further details of the memorial, Prof. Jones responded: "My interest in Rhodes springs out of the little-known fact that he was born at a little place in Nebraska — Tecumseh, in the southeastern tip of the state, on the Nemaha River — which happens to be my home town. Tecumseh isn't quite a hundred years old yet, but the county is, and there is to be a centennial celebration this summer. It seemed a good idea to call attention to the one native son who has reached some measure of literary fame; and since cowboy Rhodes was such a persistent reader and lover of books, a bookshelf suggested itself as both useful and appropriate. During the Christmas holidays I knocked the shelf together out of some well-seasoned boards of Texas cedar, and with the help of friends both in and out of Texas I have been gradually collecting Western books to fill it. The titles already secured and on the shelf include Dobie's THE LONGHORNS (Frank Dobie very graciously helped me with a list of choice books to be sought for), Webb's THE GREAT PLAINS, Vestal's THE MISSOURI, and TEXAS FOLK AND FOLK-LORE (edited by Boatright, Hudson, and Maxwell). Books have come in from such widely separated places as El Paso, Chicago, and Pleasantville, New York. Other Western titles, new or old, will be gratefully received and marked with the names of the donors."

Books should be sent to the Tecumseh Public Library, Tecumseh, Nebraska or to Dr. Joseph Jones, English Bldg. 123, The University of Texas, Austin, Texas.

"Sure hate to have to tell him that's a gold inlay I lost here last week."

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Photo by Verne Sackett, Taos, N.M.

LAST STAGECOACH IN THE SOUTHWEST

By FRIEDA AND SAMUEL HYATT

Taos, N.M. can offer a three-barreled load of pleasure to the tourist in the form of the Kit Carson saga, the Taos Indian Pueblo, and the Church of St. Francis at Ranchos de Taos. Kit was the greatest scout that ever hit the Santa Fe Trail. He lived and made his headquarters in Taos and his old home and grave are there for all to see who have respect for a peacemaker and a frontiersman supreme.

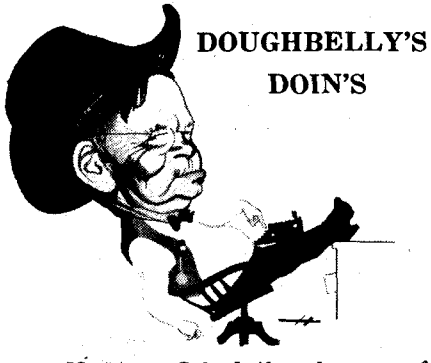
The Church of St. Francis at Ranchos de Taos is considered the most beautiful example of Franciscan architecture in the Southwest. Now it has another lure. The famous portrait, "Shadow of the Cross", is on exhibition in the church and for some mysterious reason, glows in the dark. The glow has a tremulous beauty like that of the lunar moth, and a reflection of the cross can be plainly seen.

Probably the most renowned of the three points of interest is the Taos Indian Pueblo which is recognized as the best preserved example of man's first skyscraper. This five story communal dwelling harbors life within its tremendous walls that is untouched by modern civilization. And the way to really do up the Pueblo is to board a stagecoach. If you come to the Pueblo by car, park it and climb aboard a real western stagecoach. This is the last known stagecoach trip in the Southwest.

A ride in the Wells-Fargo stage is a real rock-crunching, dust-throwing trip on an old Indian wagon road. Most of the time you will whizz along on two wheels and the horses will be in high gear but there is no danger of meeting up with any other traffic — only the stagecoach travels this road.

A guide knows every pebble of the road and every point of interest in the Pueblo. He'll take you into some of the Indian homes and places that you might otherwise miss seeing. Indian life at the Pueblo will be explained and it is all fascinating. For two and a half hours, including time out for taking photographs, you will feel you are a First American — one of the citizens long before the boys landed at Plymouth Rock. Everywhere you look you will see Indians at work in their apartment houses which have been estimated to be nearly 6000 years old.

First rate Indian cowboys and top-notch herds of Hereford cattle can be seen from the stagecoach. "Air conditioned" seats, inside and outside of the coach, offer a memorable tour of these ancient people and their customs.



DOUGHBELLY'S DOIN'S

Taos, N. Mex.—I had the pleasure of watching something walk around last Sunday. He was not running for any office, not affiliated with any political party, wasn't looking for votes, had no College degree, wasn't bothered about Indio China, The McCarthy envestigations or the F. H. A. housing how to do it. I wondered how the owner could be around something that smart for just a little while and not know a few things himself.

I am talking about A good old honest reliable roping horse. If the man riding him could done the job as well as the horse, they could have roped and tied them calves in nothing flat and had time to spare. When behind the barrier he kept his eye on that chute gate and when that dogie left the chute, he wasn't just ready to go. He was already gone.

It was A pleasure to see something like it. Wasn't scared of being called something he ain't. When it was time for him to go he did not have to go see his Dr. or attorney or one of the Phiseyartic birds to see why he done it.

It would be A wonder nowdays to see some human that had that much good old hard common sense. Knows what he wants to do and done it without having to see some bird that wrote some book about something he didn't know anything about but had made A lot of research on the matter. But that is expecting too much in these days of over education of the wise people who from a practical standpoint don't know if the Good Lord was crucified or jumped from A aeroplane. And yet we call this the age of enlightenment. I don't know. And I am pretty smart. (I think!)

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AN INDIAN SPEAKS FOR HIS PEOPLE

In these gloomy days of misunderstanding and bitterness among many nations of the world, it is a surprising and distressing fact that similar trouble exists right here in our own United States. The difficult relationship between the white man and the Indian is slowly improving, it is true, but much needs to be done to clarify and accelerate the process. There is continual dissension between Indian Bureau officials and tribal leaders on grazing rights and regulations, restrictions on number of livestock, white men prospecting Indian land for valuable minerals, etc.

Unhappily, there is no simple solution. The problems set up are vast and complex, requiring careful consideration by qualified experts who will evaluate the Indians' side of the situation along with the scientific necessity for issuing arbitrary decrees. It is undoubtedly true, for the vital purpose of preventing future land erosion, that the Indians' livestock herds should be strictly limited in numbers. But what about the human rights and actual physical needs of the Indians themselves? The Hopis, for example, recently assured Indian Bureau officials that they cannot possibly abide by these Federal regulations. Chief Dan Katchongva, of the Hopi village of Hoteville, had this to say on the subject, as reported in *The Arizona Daily Sun* of Flagstaff:

"This land is ours, and has been from the beginning. We came here first. We hold this land under instructions from our Great Spirit. All the matters concerning land and the animals were worked out long before the White Man came to us.

"The White Man has come upon us long after we, the Hopi, and other Indians in this area have worked out for ourselves how to live. Our land was well established where each tribe would live. The Hopi people, after many generations of migration, came to this area because it was pointed out to us by higher powers. The White Man came and, after becoming strong because of our help, started to take all the land, homes and other property away from us. We have suffered untold hardships, as a result. We are still suffering.

"Every time we work up to a point where we feel that we have everything we need, then a new policy or program comes from Washington, and immediately we are forced to go on that plan without our consent, prior knowledge, or consultation.

"The White Man seems to have forgotten his religion, his obligations to the Indians and his promises, but continues to try to force us to his ways.

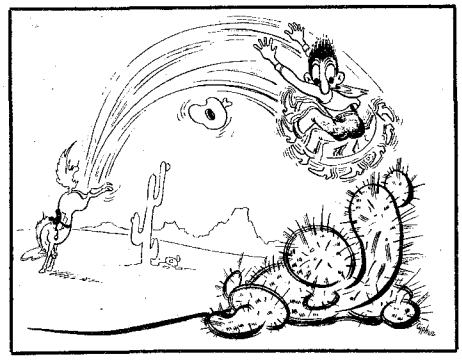
"Sometimes we are put in his jails, his prisons, and have come to this time now without sheep, horses to work our very own land. These lands have been taken from us by the Navajo with the help of the United States Government.

"Today we find ourselves confined in a small area. Today I am without horses because Indian Bureau officials have confiscated them because I wanted to take care of them in the way the Hopi did for generations before the White Man came.

"Many of our people are sheepless because they refuse to follow Indian Bureau policies. As a leader of my people, I have never been consulted about any of this, nor have I given my consent to these policies.

"I have always objected to any one coming upon our land to take our natural resources. We have long known that the wealthiest part of this great land is here beneath us. But we know too that these resources must not be used for purposes of war to destroy other people. These things are to be used only for peaceful purposes, and then only after the land matter of the Hopi has been settled.

"Our way of life is good and well planned out for us by the Great Spirit, and we have been warned never to depart nor deviate from it. Our land is not selfish. If we take care of it by the way we live and by prayer, by performing our ceremonies and by adhering to the instructions of our forefathers, then we may enter the everlasting life and not destroy ourselves."—NBW.



HEAP GOOD DIPLOMAT!

Some mighty humorous incidents occurred on the old frontier when the red man sought to learn the difficult tongue of the pale-face. A number of enterprising braves hung around the forts, trying their befuddled best to pick up the language from the soldiers. Since the hard-bitten troopers of the U.S. Army have never been noted for delicacy in conversation, the results were sometimes disastrous when the Indian "student" tried out his new-found linguistic accomplishment.

Walking Bird, a Kiowa brave, was one of the unlucky ones. After listening carefully to the soldiers at Fort Dodge for several weeks, Walking Bird figured he had it made. Proudly he announced to his chief, Satanta, that he was now ready to act as interpreter in all councils with the white chiefs. Satanta, having just received a peremptory message from General Sheridan to come in to the Fort Cobb Agency, for a pow-wow *muy pronto,* decided to put the Bird to the test. Accordingly, the brand-new "interpreter" accompanied Satanta, Chief Lone Wolf, and a party of warriors to Fort Cobb to see what the red-bearded little General wanted.

With Walking Bird stalking grandly in the lead, the party of Kiowas entered the Agency and made their way to the General's quarters. Here, soldiers barred their path. Walking Bird addressed the corporal of the guard:

"Me Walking Bird," he announced. "Heap smart Injun. Gah-damn!"

The corporal was unimpressed. "I don't care who the hell you are! What do you want?"

The Kiowa screwed up his leathery face into a horrible grimace trying to make himself understood. The chiefs watched anxiously, not savvying a word.

"See-um big chief. Make-um pow-wow."

At this point, General Sheridan himself came bustling out of his quarters. "What is it, what do you want?" he barked. "Is that Satanta and Lone Wolf with you? Come on, man, *answer* me!"

Walking Bird became slightly rattled at Sheridan's rapid-fire questions. Gah-damn, the big white chief was mad at him! Thinking desperately, the Kiowa remembered hearing the troopers at Fort Dodge address their horses in what sounded like loving terms. So, cautiously, smiling broadly every step of the way, Walking Bird went up to the big white chief and patted him gently on the arm. Sheridan scowled and jerked his arm away.

"Now what's all this crazy nonsense? Speak up, you fool!"

Walking Bird edged closer and again patted the General's arm. Eyes shining with trust and affection, he said loudly and clearly: "Heap sonuvabitch. Heap *big* sonuvabitch! Gah-*damn!*"

"Corporal!" roared Sheridan, his face redder than his whiskers. "Arrest this idiot! Arrest the whole damned bunch of 'em! Throw 'em in the guard-house!"

The angry General stamped back into his quarters, leaving Walking Bird's brief experiment in diplomacy a dismal flop.—NBW.

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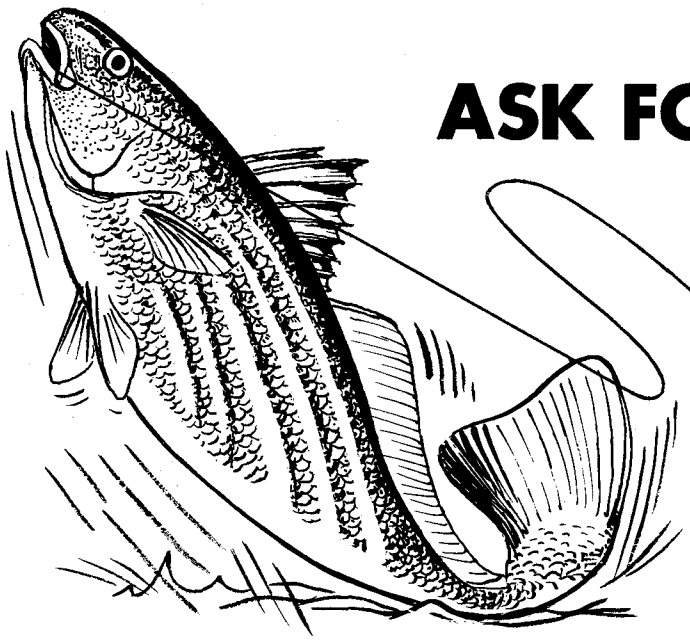

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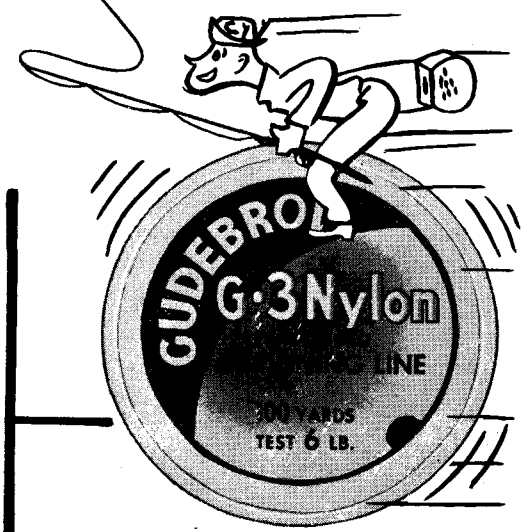

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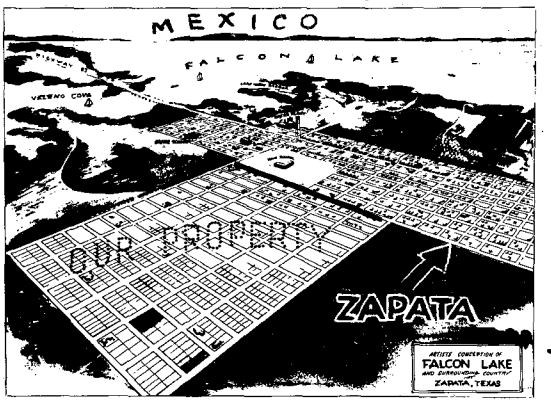

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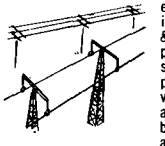
Falcon Lake Resort Properties are located near Falcon Lake, adjoining the city limits of Zapata, Texas on Highway 83, only 49 miles South of Laredo, Texas, the Gateway to Mexico and about 185 miles South of historic San Antonio, Texas. It is less than 110 miles from romantic Monterrey, Mexico. Good paved roads to all leading cities in Texas as well as Mexico.

Falcon Lake, formed by the erection of Falcon Dam, is a huge artificial lake approximately 60 miles long, and 11 miles wide at its maximum point, and has 497 miles of shoreline. Mighty Falcon Dam on the United States-Mexican Borderline was built to harness the Rio Grande River. This inspiring body of deep water provides a magnificent spot to bring your family for boating, fishing, swimming, water skiing, hunting and just plain "relaxing".

The property is ideally located ADJOINING THE CITY LIMITS of Zapata, Texas and all resort sites *are just a few minutes drive* "downtown" from the main business district, where you will find super-marts, schools, churches, *filling stations, lumberyards,* post-office, cafes, bank, etc. All lots are level and soil is a rich, sandy loam. Many residents in the sub-*division have beautiful flowers blooming most of the year.*

Many of the streets have already been cleared and graded and the entire project is to be completed shortly. All streets connect into main paved thoroughfares that lead direct to the business district of Zapata, and also to Falcon Lake. Every lot is just a few minutes drive from the Lake, Shopping, Churches, Schools, etc. All streets will be installed WITHOUT ANY "ADDITIONAL" CHARGE OR ASSESSMENT TO PURCHASERS OF LOTS.



Electricity and telephone lines extend into the property and power is supplied by the Central Power & Light Co. City water will be piped down the center of each street so as to serve each lot purchased throughout the sub-division with purest of city water at reasonable rates. You get a beautiful resort site, including available utilities and water, all for only $149.50 probably less than it would cost you just to sink a well in most parts of the country.

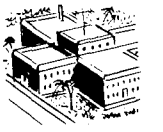
All resort sites of Falcon Lake Resort Properties have a 40 foot frontage and a depth of 75 feet (a total area of 3000 square feet). All lots on this offer are priced at only $149.50 each, on terms of **nothing** down and $7.50 per month until the balance is paid.

IMPORTANT LIMITED OFFER! IF YOU TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR SPECIAL OFFER YOU DO NOT HAVE TO SEND US ANY DOWN PAYMENT IN ORDER TO BUY YOUR RESORT SITE.

Upon completion of your payments *on your resort site, a Warranty* Deed, together with a Guarantee Title Policy issued by the Security Title Company of San Antonio, *Texas, guaranteeing the title of* your property will be issued to you without further cost. This is mighty important! If you were to buy this Title Policy it would cost you about $30.00. We provide you with Title Insurance at no additional cost.

Under existing tax laws, the tax per lot in this sub-division will average less than $1.00 per year. YOU DO NOT PAY ANY TAX UNTIL YOUR LOT IS PAID UP AND YOUR WARRANTY DEED AND GUARANTEE TITLE POLICY IS ISSUED.

The climate and average temperatures of the Laredo-Zapata area is *73°— makes for ideal year around* living. At Falcon Lake Resort Properties you can enjoy a healthful, mild semi-tropical climate, away from the hustle and tension of larger cities. The breezes from Falcon Lake and the gentle trade winds blowing across from the nearby Gulf of Mexico provide natural air conditioning that makes for cool summer nights and, aided by a tropical sun, warm lovely winter weather.



Falcon Lake Resort Properties at Zapata, Texas enjoys excellent school facilities. There is an excellent Grade School and they are now building a High **School** situated on a large 60 acre tract to cost $250,000.00. County maintained School Buses pick up the children and transport them to and from school.

Restrictions will not allow owners to clutter up this beautiful sub-division with "'shacks". However, **Trailer Homes are welcome,** and it's the ideal place to bring your trailer. Lots are level, soil a rich sandy loam. You can actually have your own Trailer Homesite here **adjoining the city limits,** for only $7.50 per month—LESS than it would cost you to *rent space in a* trailer camp.

Fishing is excellent! 6,000,000 Bass Fingerlings have already been placed in Falcon Lake. Many varieties of fish can be caught. If you happen to enjoy fishing with just a cane pole and a can of worms, you will be agreeably surprised at the number of large *Brim and Sun Perch* that you can catch. Three or four pound Catfish are readily caught in Falcon Lake and many Catfish have been reported caught weighing close to 100 pounds. The *Falcon Lake area is also a paradise* for hunters. You can hunt for Deer, Dove and Quail. Ducks are **plentiful.**

HUGH MATLOCK, Developer
of Resort Properties, Dept. 611
Executive Office P.O. Box 111,
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With no obligation on my part, please rush me your colorful picture brochure and the complete facts about your big 40' x 75' Resort-site you are offering *me for only $149.50 with no down payment on terms* of $7.50 per month.

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